

SPACEMEN

35¢

JULY 1961

K

FIRST ISSUE

BY THE EDITORS OF
**FAMOUS
MONSTERS**
**NEVER
BEFORE**
**SPACE PHOTOS
AND STORIES
FROM MOVIES
YOU DIDN'T SEE**



WEL

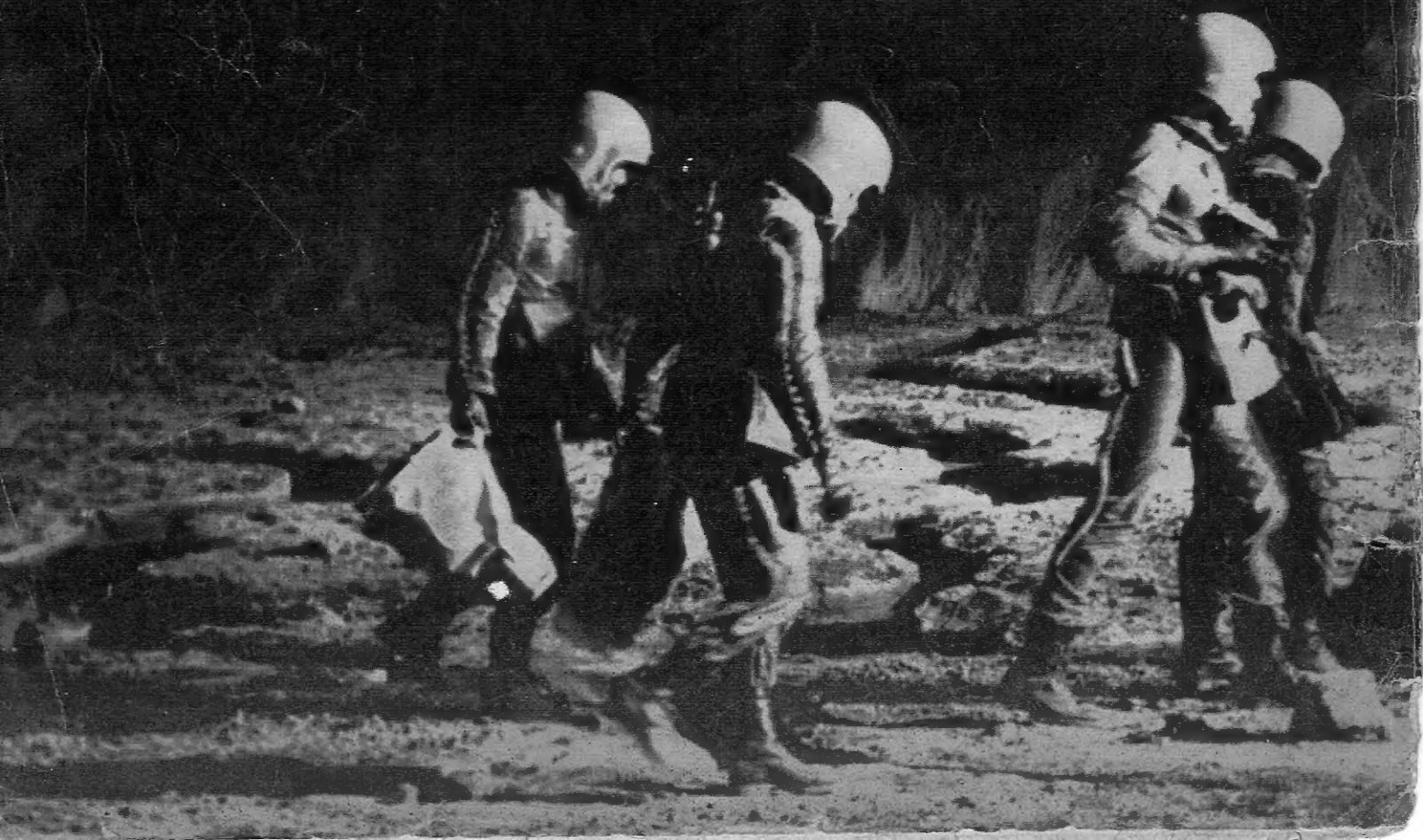
TO THE WORLDS NEWEST MAGAZINE

The freshest, fastest, most truly Far Out (like light-years) magazine on the market.

This is not a space fact journal. Nor is it a science fiction periodical. It might be called a space functional publication. But **SPACEMEN** is not exactly a boff book for Outer Space buffs either.

100 years ago the frontiers of adventure were the wild west of the new world, the youthful America. Now all Earth's frontiers lie above and beyond the horizon, in the New Worlds around us—8 unexplored planets in our own Solar System . . . many moons beside our own . . . and unguessable worlds in the deeps of interstellar infinity.

Daring motion picture pioneers have already trained their cameras on other worlds, captured thru the lens of imagination glimpses of landscapes and architectures far removed from our Planet 3. One of the first films ever made, at the end of the 19th century, is



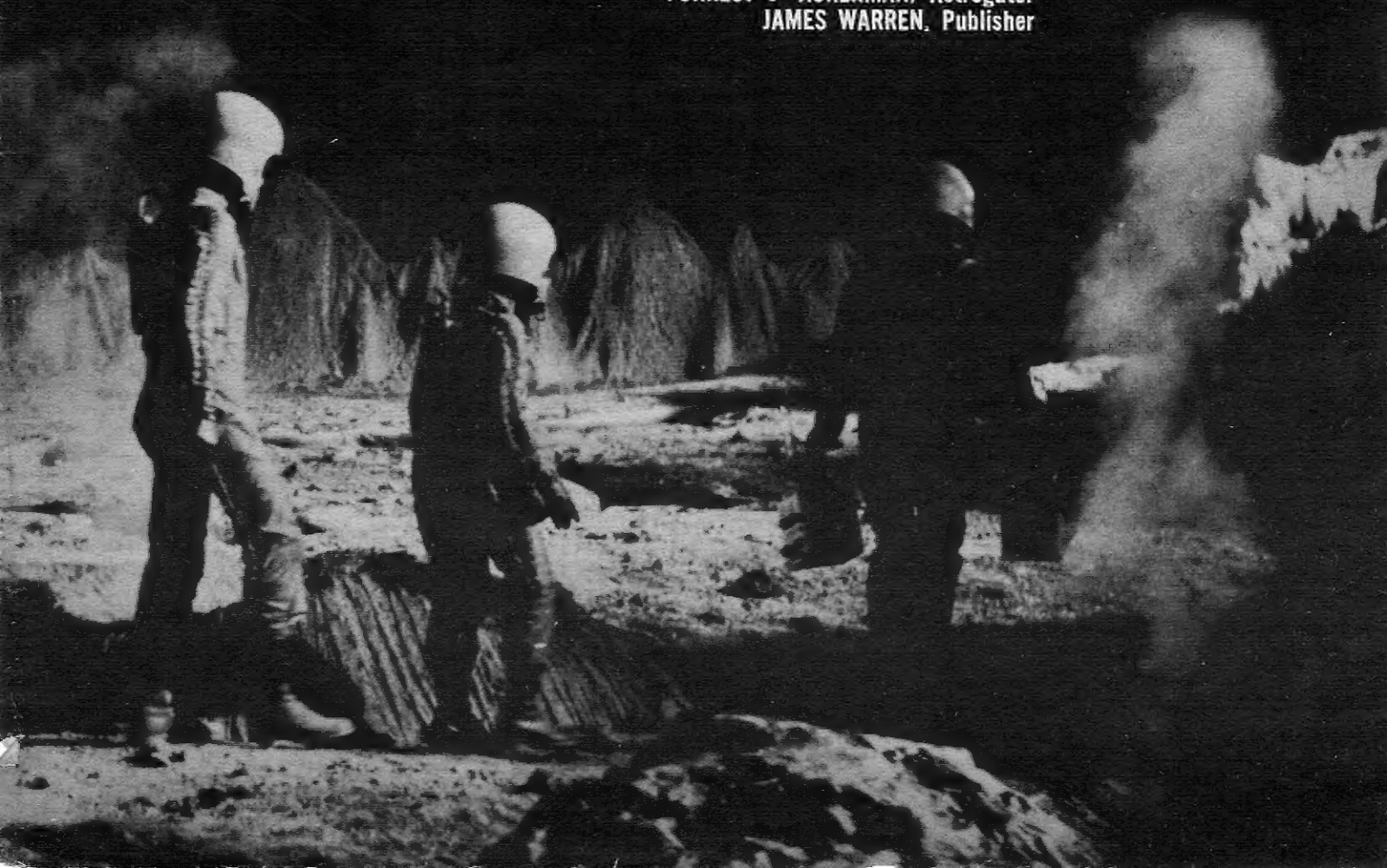
COME

reported to have been H. G. Wells' **FIRST MEN ON THE MOON**. The famous French special effects artist, George Melies, made **A TRIP TO THE MOON** in 1902. French Pathe filmed **A TRIP TO JUPITER** in 1909; Edison Films, **A TRIP TO MARS** in 1910; Tower Films, another **TRIP TO MARS** in 1920. The Russians rocketed to Mars in 1918 in **AELITA** (found a civilization of robots there). There was a silent **SKY-SPLITTER** that went faster than light, a German trip around the Solar System via ethership (**OUR HEAVENLY BODIES**), and one of the earliest sound-scored films was Fritz Lang's epic **FRAU IM MOND** (known in English as **THE GIRL IN THE MOON** and **BY ROCKET TO THE MOON**).

Great films exist, excitingly showing how the mind of man has imagined the people and places and things of the Void Out There may look. **SPACEMEN** has this great material at its command, will share it with you in this issue and issues thru the years to come. We know we must act fast in covering such productions as **THE GIRL IN THE MOON**, **RIDERS TO THE STARS**, **12 TO THE MOON**, **MISSILE TO THE MOON**, **DESTINATION MOON**, etc, for it will not be long now before Space Stations and Lunar Landings and surface explorations are the genuine subject matter of newspapers, TV, LIFE and newsreels.

If you're interested in Space—and frankly we can't understand how any red-blooded American or green-blooded Martian (and we expect to have readers in both classes) couldn't be—this is the indispensable magazine for you. Names like Ray Bradbury, George Pal, Jules Verne, Fritz Lang, H. G. Wells, Curt Siodmak, Ray Harryhausen, Chesley Bonestell guarantee stellar treats. **SPACEMEN** offers you space men, space ships, space worlds, space quips, space thrills and even a space monster or two! Like they say in the Space Service: "Variety is the Space of Life!"

FORREST J ACKERMAN, Astrogator
JAMES WARREN, Publisher





THIS IS ROCKETPORT where you readers are cordially invited to blastoff and let us know if you think we're headed for orbit or obit! As with our companion publication **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, 3 prizes per issue will be awarded writers of the most helpful letters. So let us have your space-worthy reactions. Remember: without your comments this would be just so much **EMPTY SPACE!**

FROM THE FATHER OF "THE GIRL IN THE MOON"

Dear Forrest: I remember your writing me in Berlin, 1931, for photographs from *FRAU IM MOND* and *METROPOLIS*. A dozen years later, on Hollywood boulevard, we finally met face to face for the first time.



FRITZ LANG: Space Film Pioneer

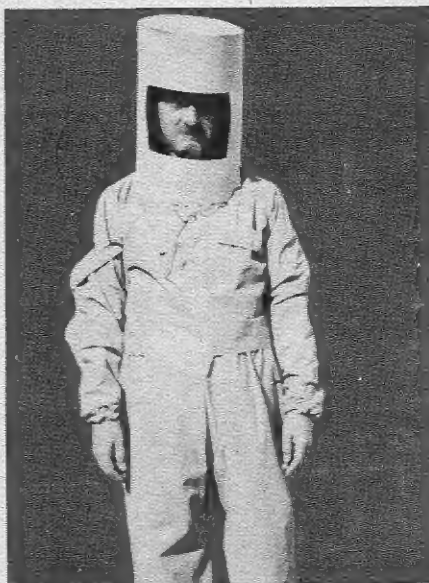
Now I hear you are editing a space film magazine. Good Luck with it, and I shall look forward to the treatment you will give my young girl of the Moon, which the Nazis tried to destroy—but without success.

FRITZ LANG
BERLIN, GERMANY

● Danke, Herr Lang! Your recent remake of an early German success of yours, *JOURNEY TO THE LOST CITY*, has been playing in America, and I understand you've completed direction of a new *DR. MABUSE*. May we hope in time to see a remake of *METROPOLIS*—perhaps even a modernized version of *THE GIRL IN THE MOON*? With high regard and in old friendship—Ferry Ackerman.

DEPT. OF MISSING SPACEMEN

● **ANDREW J. LENARD** was a Hungarian living in Budapest who in 1934 made a spectacular amateur film of escape to the Moon called *THE CATAclysm*, a tale of cometary menace to Earth. In 1975. It has been a quarter of a century since Andrew Lenard has been heard from. Does he still live? Does anyone know? In a future issue we will tell, accompanied by rare stills, the story of *THE CATAclysm*. We would like to send a copy to its producer when that time comes. Seen below is a scene from the film.



Spaceman 1975 (vintage 1934)

SCIENCE FICTION'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (21 YRS) CONGRATULATES FIELD'S NEWEST BORN

We here on the staff of *Science-Fiction Times*, having reported with great interest the success of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, want to take this opportunity of extending heartiest congratulations to Forrest Ackerman on the creation of an associational item which, while it cannot qualify as a science fiction publication, is nevertheless by its very nature closely allied to s.f. Readers of "our" generation haunted the newsstands for anything bearing the magic name of Gernsback, the Father of Scientifiction, and it is interesting to observe the phenomenon being repeated in the case of the man whom Gernsback him-

self has called the Son of Science Fiction. Anything Ackerman does is always news (and generally good news) to us here at *Science-Fiction Times*.

JAMES V. TAURASI SR., EDITOR
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

● Thanks a million, Jim, for the kind words from you and the hard-working staff of your publication . . . whose record, incidentally, of over 350 issues I sincerely envy and scarcely expect ever to be able to match!—FJA

THE AIM'S THE SAME

No doubt you will recognize the gentleman on my left as the subject of the film biography *AIM AT THE STARS*. I don't know whether he will have time for your magazine but I will!

WALTER ERNSTING
BAVARIA, GERMANY



● Award-winning author Ernsting is not only a prolific professional writer but equally active as a fan. He is known as Herr Science Fiction of modern Germany. The man with stars in his eyes is, of course, Wernher von Braun.

FROM THE MARTIAN CHRONICLER

Ever since the inception of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* I have had to fight my 4 daughters for first look each time a new issue comes out. I suspect I will have to go through the same thing again with your new title. Suggestion: how about adding *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND*, *FAMOUS MEN'S STORES OF FILMLAND* and *FAMOUS MOON STARS OF FILMLAND* to your stable; then, with one title for each of us, I'll be able to settle down with a copy all my own!

RAY BRADBURY
W. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

● *FAMOUS MARS STAR OF FILMLAND*, Ray Bradbury, is scheduled to have his own script of *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* produced this year by Julian (Day the Earth Stood Still) Blaustein at Meteor-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios!

SPACEMEN

JULY 1961
VOL. 1, No. 1

**FORREST J
ACKERMAN**
editor-in-orbit

**JACIE
ASTRACHAN**
stowaway
girl (Friday)

**HARRY
CHESTER**
production
pilot

**JAMES
WARREN**
interplanetary
publisher

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COVER by BASIL GOGOS:
Spaceman of Distinction

FIRST ISSUE

BY THE EDITORS OF
**FAMOUS
MONSTERS**
NEVER
BEFORE



GUEST RIDERS IN THE SKY

Be our guest and go behind the scenes with our Editor to witness the filming of **RIDERS TO THE STARS.**

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Is there a new Rocket Film coming up? The First Move will always be reported right here.

THE SHAPE OF SPACE TO COME



MENACE FROM THE MOON

When civilizations clash a **BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE** is the best place for a war of 2 worlds.

42

12 TO THE MOON; you have heard of a "Baker's Dozen?" This is a Lunar Dozen!

VOYAGE OF THE SPACE EAGLE

34

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE the echoes are heard for centuries. Ten years are as yesterday in the Space World where this picture had its Premiere. Re-live it here & now.

COLLISION COURSE

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SPACE



A perilous parade of creepy creatures from other spaces.

48

O'HENRY'S COMET

Short

(story)

of

Spacemen

No. 1:

"The Space Smuggler"

32

ORBITUARY DEPT.

Out of the "Morgue" and into another whirl; a second look at favorite space scenes as requested by YOU



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**WE INTERRUPT
THIS PAGE TO
BRING YOU
AN IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT
FROM OUR
COMPANION
MAGAZINE**

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Japanese Spacemen,
far from their
Land of the Rising Sun,
set foot on the Moon.

SHAPE

OF SPACE

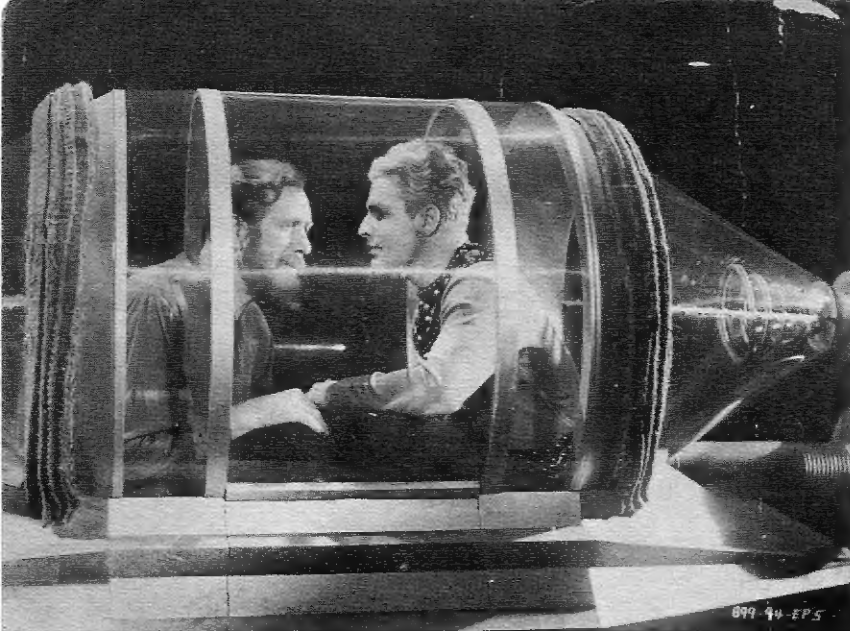
TO COME

**Rocketing out of
Hollywood and
the Film Studios
of the World
come the Meteoric
Announcements of
Interplanetary Motion
Pictures planned
for Production**

We could scarcely bring you better news. It is ideal for the introduction of this news feature. If *SPACEMEN* had not already been scheduled for publication it would have been necessary to create it just to bring you this terrific scoop.

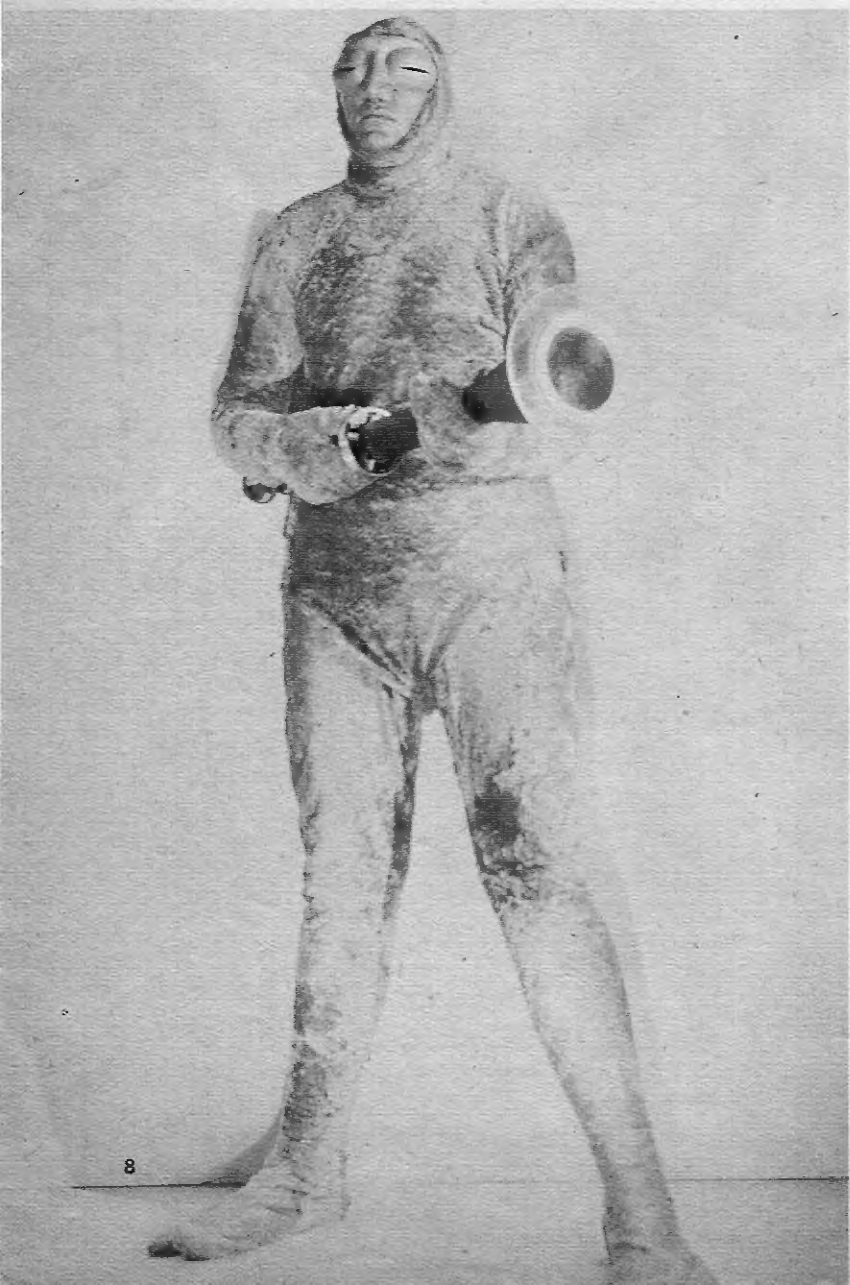
Later in the 1960s we hope to see Edward E. Smith's *SKYLARK OF SPACE*, A. E. van Vogt's *VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE*, *THE SANDS OF MARS* by Arthur C. Clarke, *THE LEGION OF SPACE* by Jack Williamson, any of Edmond Hamilton's many space epics, and (are you listening, Geo. Pal?) the sequel to *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE: AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE*.

But even if hoped for production of none of these classics comes to pass we'll have something greatly to be grateful for late this year or early next.



MARS ATTACKS THE WORLD—but Flash Gordon & Beardnik Friend will defend us!

Ray Gun Giant from Red Planet in INVADERS FROM MARS.



We've already seen the opulent job MGM can do on a space special (**FORBIDDEN PLANET**) when the studio throws away its budget and gives its Special Effects dept. a free hand.

We still remember how 10 years ago Julian Blaustein produced a masterpiece about Klaatu, the man from the stars: **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** was the day sci-fi fans jumped for joy.

We know the literary lordship of Ray Bradbury from late last year's "Life on Other Worlds", his cinematic artistry from **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** and **MOBY DICK**. And we're impressed by the incredible number of printings in magazines, anthologizations, hard cover editions, pocketbooks and translations into so many different languages—even Finnish! even Croatian!—of those fabulous Bradburyarns gathered together as **THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES**.

Wouldn't it be marvelous if a major studio like MGM would decide to make **THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES**? Assign a producer like Julian Blaustein to helm the project? Pay the author himself (something like say \$150,000) to do his own screenplay?

Fantasy, you say? The stuff that dreams are made of? Not even science fiction?

Wrong! It's—

a scientific fact!

Yes, the realization of a great dream is underway. Ray Bradbury is working nite & day to bring Mars closer to the world. When I talked to him on the 27th of January, the day the last word of copy was prepared for this first issue of **SPACEMEN** and jetted in to the publisher, he told me:

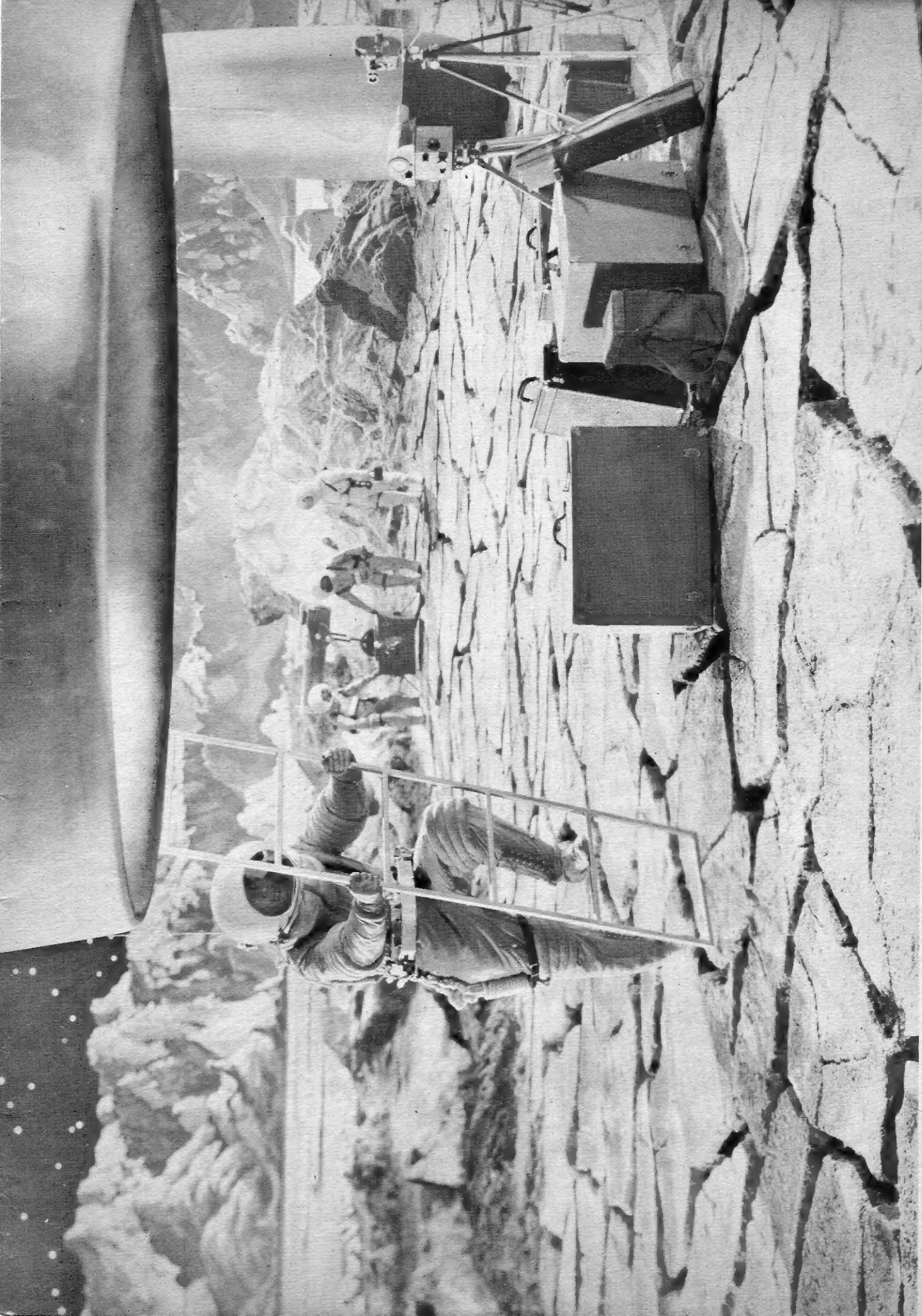
"You can tell your readers, Forry, that I'm on page 150 of the screenplay treatment with 30 yet to go."

And the stories themselves, the actual content of **THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES**? Eight episodes, molded into one whole.

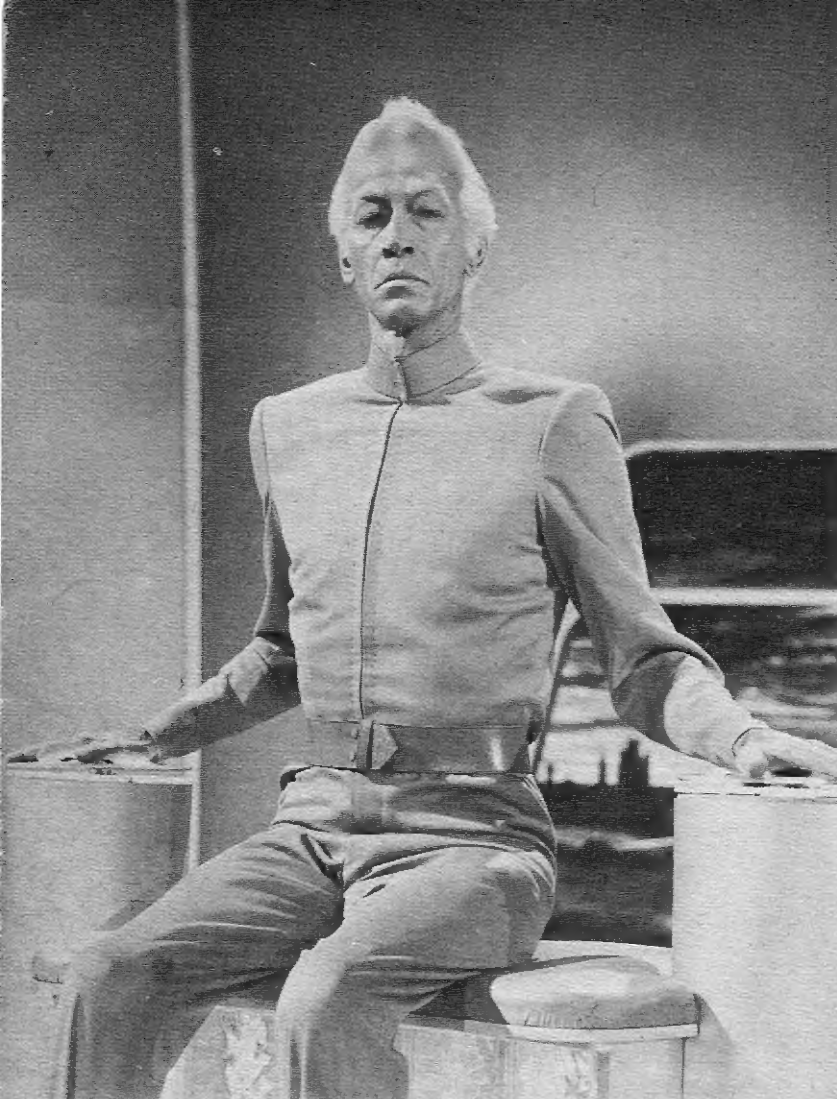
"I begin," Ray told me, "in 1999 with the fragment called *Rocket Summer*. I tell the story of Ylla. And of the Third Mars Expedition, that discovered that, in a hellish way, *Mars Is Heaven*."

"The picture will unfold from the viewpoint of Capt. Wilders, who stays on Mars and has various adventures."

In the absolutely marvelous episode call-

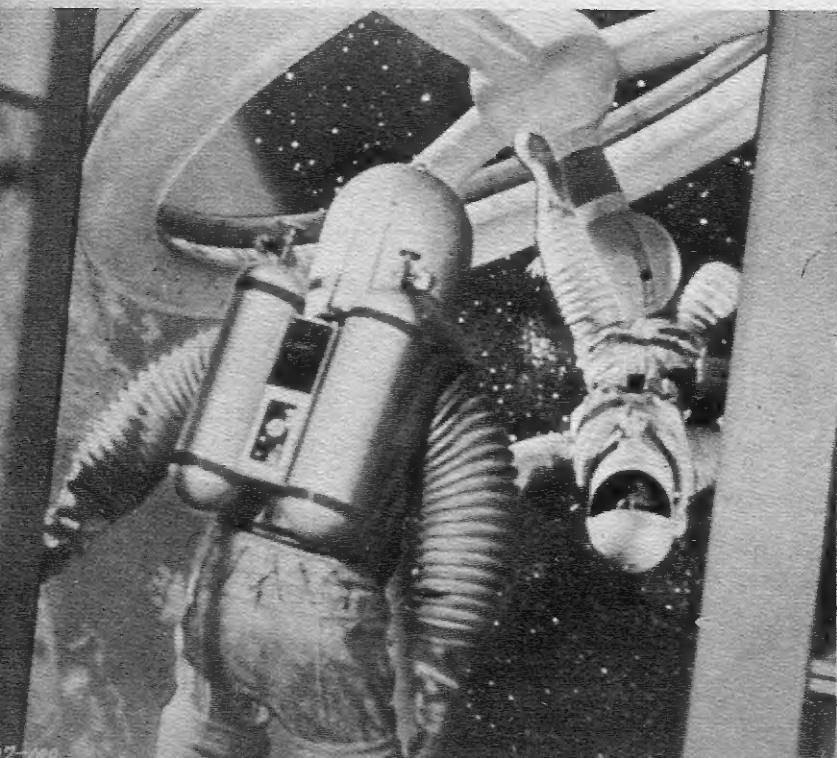


Preparing to explore the Lunar Crater Harpalus in DESTINATION MOON.



Master of Metaluna, World of Superscience. (THIS ISLAND EARTH.)

Topsy Turvy Moment of Suspense in CONQUEST OF SPACE.



ed "—And the Moon Be Still as Bright" a Martian is met for the first time. Ray once told me that he talked with Dana Andrews about playing an important role in this section—this was several years ago. Andrews was enthusiastic at the time. I would still like to see him in the part.

4 more Marstories

"The rest of the film," Ray continued, "will consist of *The Wilderness*, from GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN; *The Strawberry Window* from A MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY; and 2 from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, *The Fire Balloons* and *Kaleidoscope*."

We have only 2 words for all this incredibly good news: Amazing and aMarsing!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH—This isn't a gag, that's actually the title of a film that includes a portion on the Space Age future. It's a 14 minute black-&-white production.

phantom of the space opera?

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find a photo feature on Fred Gebhardt's first space picture, 12 TO THE MOON. He has just informed *SPACEMEN* that his followup feature will be called THE PHANTOM PLANET.

Ib J. Melchior, who scripted & directed the Cinemagic production ANGRY RED PLANET (you can see the giant batrat-spidercrab of Mars on page 11 of #7 *FA-MOUS MONSTERS*)—Ib Melchior telephoned to say that his new space screenplay has gone into production in Copenhagen.

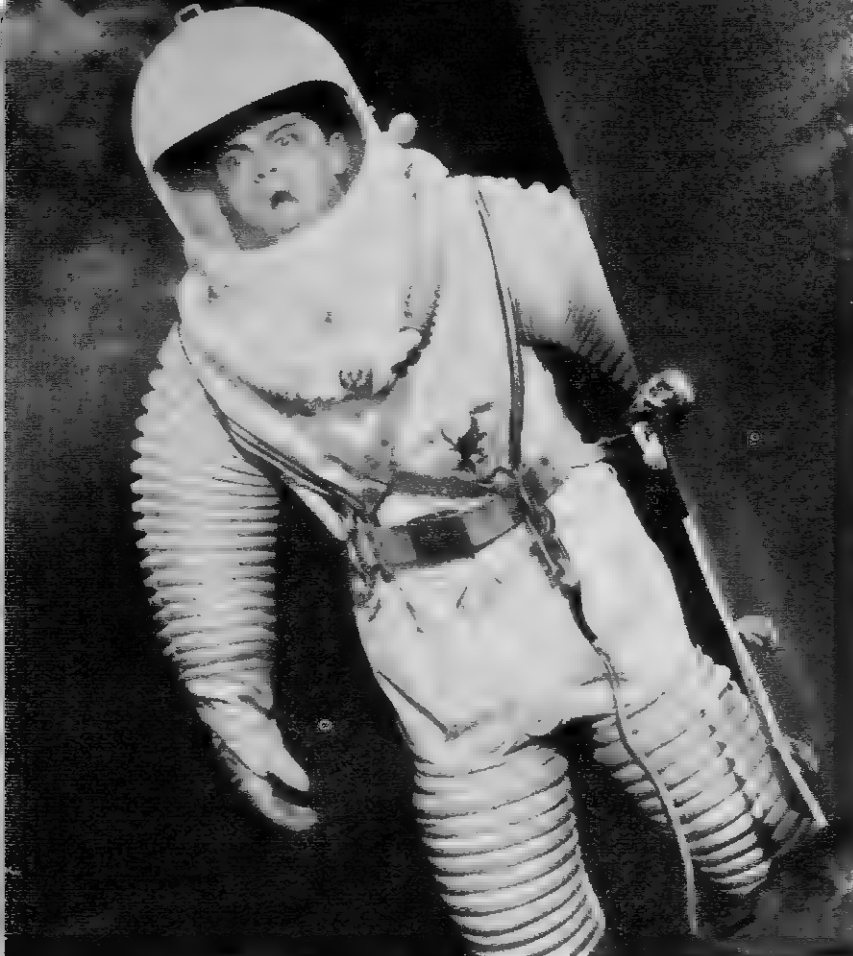
The Melchior moviescript is called JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET.

The 7th planet, in case you don't have your planets memorized or your chart of the Solar System handy;—the 7th planet is Uranus. John Agar, who was last mixed up with THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS, is one of the 5 spacemen who gets involved with farout adventures on this faroff world.

You see, on Uranus there's this Giant Brain that delights in dreaming up horrible creations and perilous situations to terrify travelers from Terra who don't know the monsters and other apparent menaces are merely imaginary.

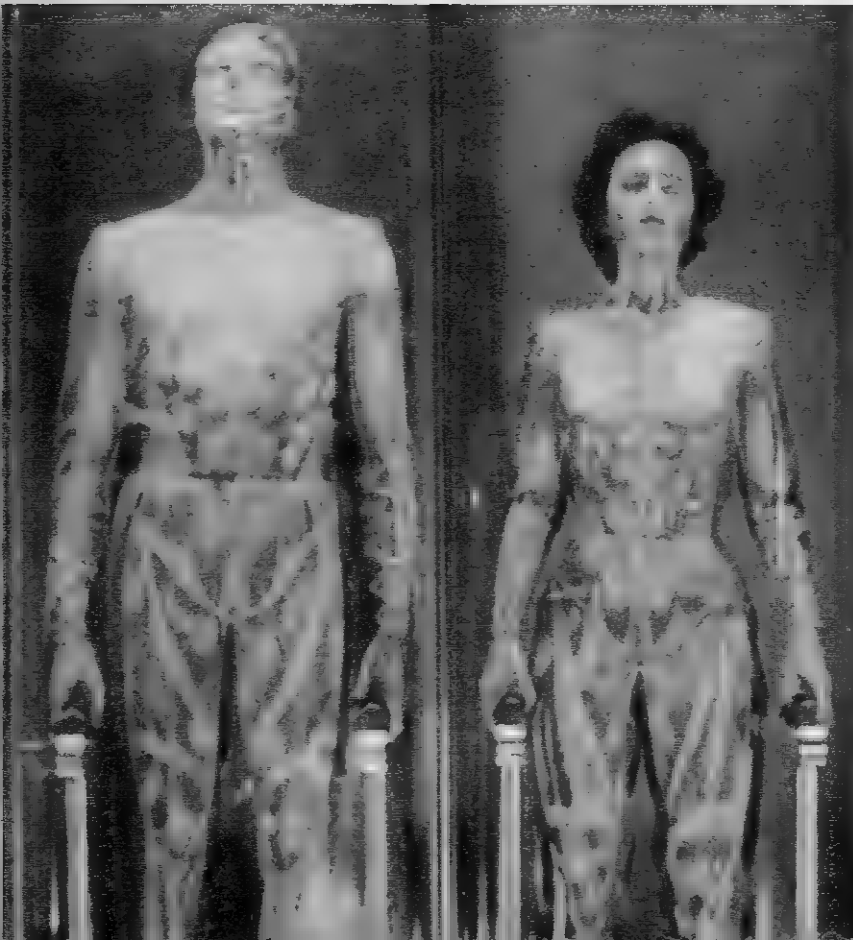


Space Girl Eva Bartok in Emergency Scene from SPACEWAYS.



Death of a Spaceman as meteor punches hole thru his suit—and him. (CONQUEST OF SPACE.)

Every muscle of Spaceman & Woman is affected by Decompression Process undergone on Spaceship en-route to Metaluna in THIS ISLAND EARTH.



But as for **THE MIND THING** by Fredric Brown, its possibilities for production are more than in the mind. Rather, they're firmly in the mind of—and this may come to you as a great surprise that this popular actor is in private life a confirmed science fiction fan—*John Payne!* For his debut as a motion picture *producer*, John has picked the newest sci-fi novel by the extremely successful Mr. Brown, "a tale," as the cover blurb of the pocketbook tells it, "of a being from another galaxy with an unthinkably horrible plan for Earth. He—who is really an *IT*—expects to execute one of the most incredible plans ever conceived, to be hailed as a hero on his own planet and *Earth would never know what hit it!*" Thanks for the info, John, and may there be Standing Space Only when **THE MIND THING** gets loose in the motion picture houses throughout the world.

Ted Johnstone is scripting **MARTIAN EYE**.

Charlie Chaplin has announced that he may return to motion pictures in a Moon plot.

MOON PILOT'S pilot will be Walt Disney, who's hired Tom Tryon & Dewey Martin for the 250,000 mi. trip.

THE MAN IN THE MOON, British comedy, has been completed and should be in general distribution in the USA shortly.

shining starlet

Ib Melchior thinks Trina Robbins (a familiar face to readers of our companion periodical) would be ideal for the role of the Girl Friday in his script **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**. We think "Tree" would be great for a featured part in **THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5**. Planet 5 is the world of the Lyru in System 7—and the Lyru come to Earth in their great black spaceship to seek help on their home planet against the hideous race of Crones that dominates them. Lou Rusoff, at American-International, is scheduled to see that **THE GIRLS** get before the camera at about the time this magazine first appears on the stands. It's been renamed—**TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER**—and we hope by the time of our 3d issue you'll have enjoyed the completed picture.

Watch for word, next issue, on the important European space spectacle, **THE SILENT STAR**, plus other cinematic interplanetary tid-bits and info about sputnikian pix going into orbit.

END



APRIL 1, 2000 is both the Name of the Film and the Date when these Weird Ships land in Vienna.

**YOU ARE THERE as
rockets explode and
a man loses his life
during the production
of one of the
outstanding space films**

GUEST

RIDERS

IN THE SKY

A piercing scream rent the tomblike gloom, a girl's terrified voice crying out in sudden fear and echoing and re-echoing in the dark.

"Hey, what's the matter?" A man's voice shrill with concern.

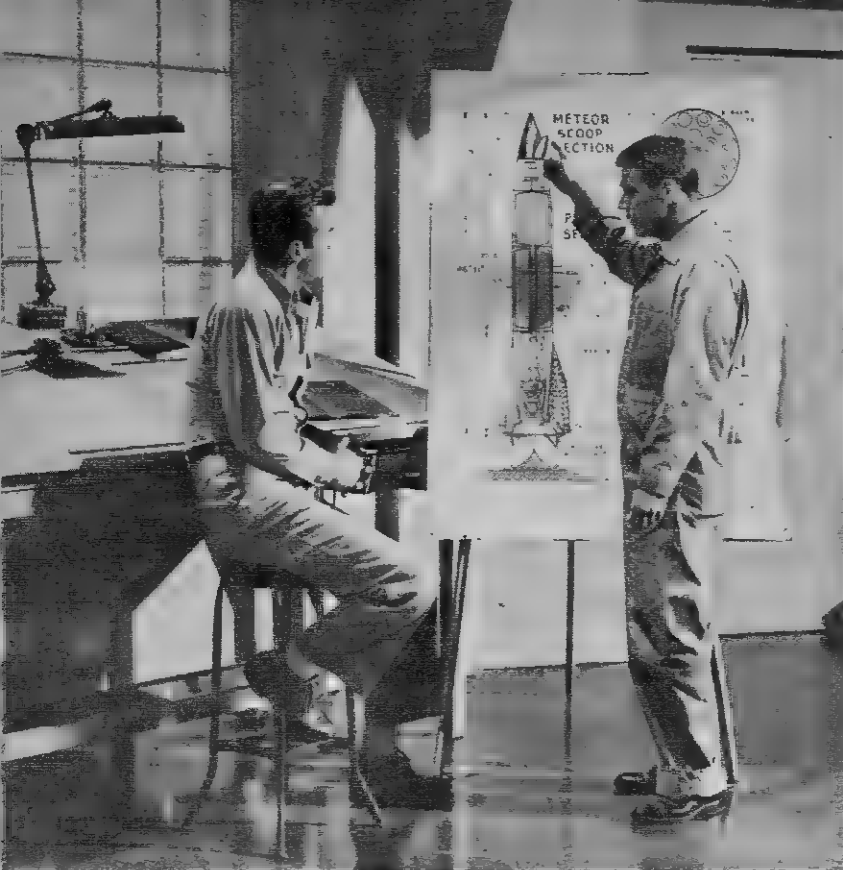
"Over here!" her breathless response. "By the 6 rockets. I—" Her voice broke off. "It's something terrible. I think I've," sound of gulping, "stumbled onto a corpse!"

"A corpse! Here? Hold it, I'll be right there."

A click, and the ray from a flashlight sprang on in the man's hand. He directed the beam toward the area of the 6 rockets. First 3 horizontal ships came into sight, then 2 tall cylindrical shapes poised for flight, and finally one great rocket hovering

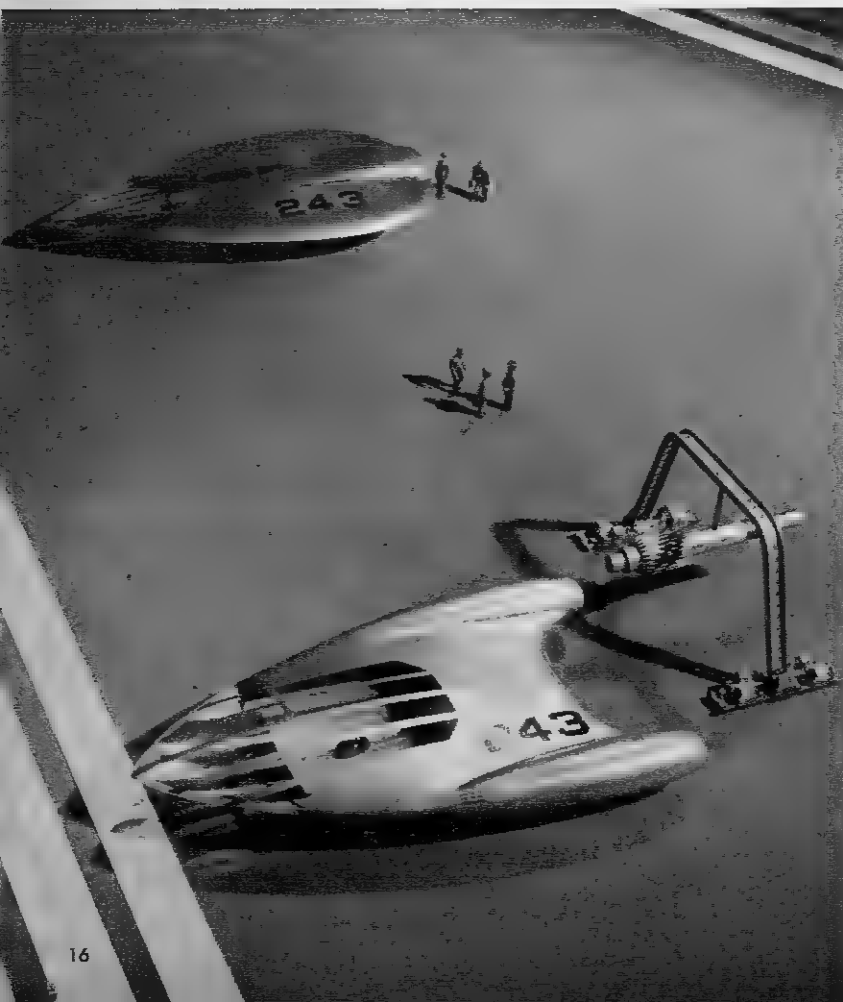
Remembering how
Humpty Dumpty cracked up,
Floating Spaceman is
taking no chances—
hence the cot to cushion
him in case of a fall.





Preliminary work on Space Film begins with Artist's Concept of Rocket.

More Space Models, looking remarkably like the Real McCoys to Come. (Photo of Jacques Fresco designs for BRIGHT TOMORROW.)



in mid-air. The beam moved a foot to the right and revealed the frightened face of the young girl, her red-rouged lips drawn into an "o" of terror, hands clutched to the temples of her wild hair, eyes pointed downward at a 90° angle.

Waveringly the light travelled down the trembling girl till, accompanied by a gasp, it reached her ankles—and the thing of horror upon which she had trod.

"Good Lord!" The exclamation involuntarily wrung itself from the man's pale lips. "Bob Karnes! And we saw him alive not more than 10 minutes ago!"

the mummy from the meteor

But if the hideous caricature of a man at their feet had ever been alive, it was difficult to believe now. Like nothing so much he looked as an Egyptian mummy, removed after 3,000 years from his ancient tomb and then clad in a spacesuit! For the cold, dead figure wore the standard equipment of protection against alien atmospheres and interplanetary vacuums of all those who brave the starways.

But now the pliant rubber fabric was gashed and torn, the glass visor of the helmet smashed and jagged. This was a spacesuit destroyed by an explosion or caught in a collision with a meteor.

And the man inside—— The flesh had instantaneously been ripped from his body, as tho attacked by a million soldier ants, the terrors of the jungle, or a school of pirhannas, the peril-fish of the South American waters that can devour a full-grown man in a matter of moments. His hands were bony claws, his eyes sunken hollows, and his white ribs could be counted.

Death in Space is violent and not pleasant to look upon.

rocket jockeys

Fortunately my companion and I were not looking at the real thing, but a cleverly constructed, life-like, life-size reproduction of cinemactor Robert Karnes, who met a literally meteoric end in the space film *Riders to the Stars*.

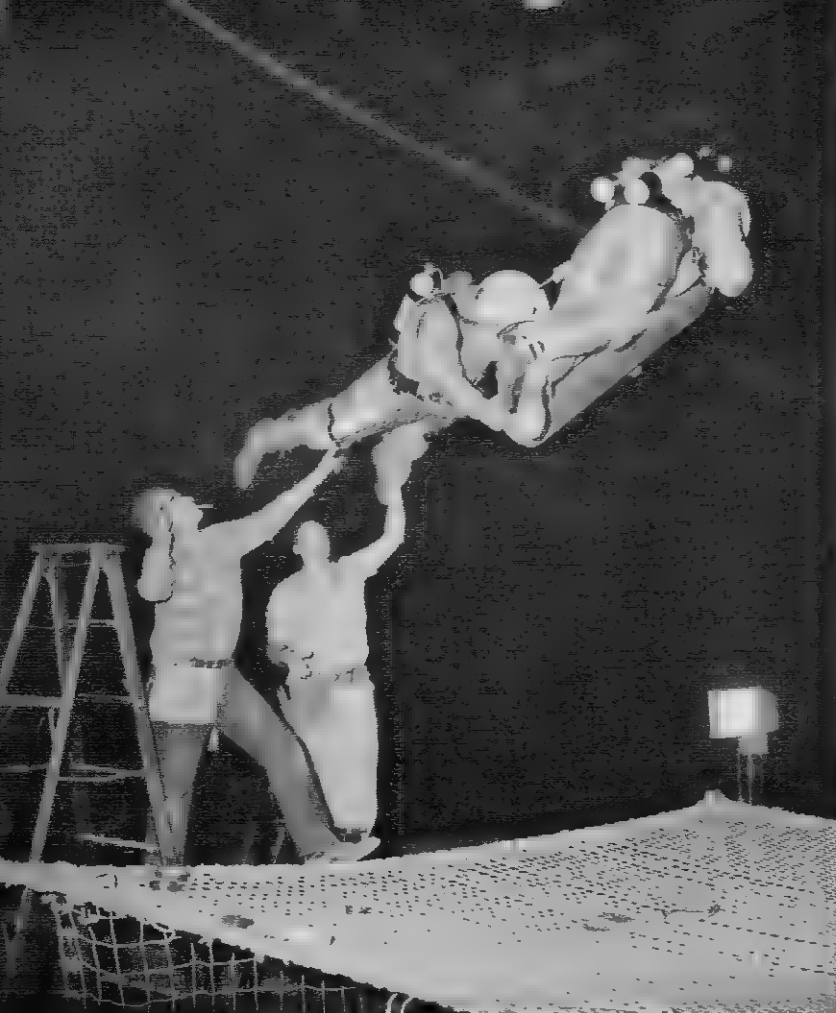
Riders to the Stars is the dramatic story of a nerve-wracking near future and a perilous preliminary step that may have to be taken on the star-way leading to the conquest of space. It poses the not impossible



Stage 2: Members of the Prop Dept. work on the Construction of a Model Spaceship. Scale: 1'=100'. (Photo from WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.)

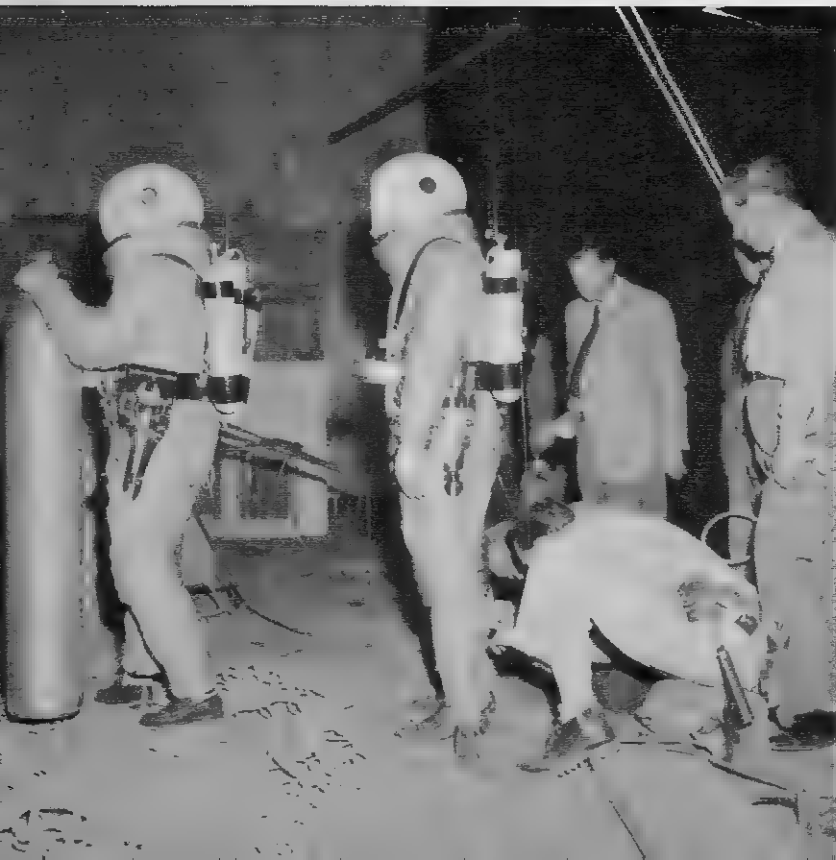
Completed Models are put into place. (Candid shot from Tokyo showing the installation of Rocket Base X-1 for 26 episode TV series called *The Expedition of the Rocket Angel*.)





Riders to the Stars or Stars who are Riders? Anyway, away they go into the Wild Black Yonder—with the help of a couple studio workers.

Getting zippered up for Space scene.



problem: supposing even the toughest alloy, say vanadium, should prove inadequate to shield rockets from some invisible iron curtain in the sky? Supposing, as in the picture, test rockets should hurtle heavenward at 3,000 miles a minute, only to repeatedly tumble back to earth—their structures crystallized and shattered?

The theory is advanced that meteors in space may be surrounded by some chemical coating which protects their core from disintegration by the merciless cosmic rays. To test the theory a "pure" meteor, one whose protective shell has not been burned away by friction from passage thru our atmosphere, has to, in effect, be captured.

Fearing the establishment of an Iron Curtain in the sky if the free world doesn't establish a space station first, the Office of Scientific Investigation drafts a number of technical experts to engage themselves with the problem. At first the men, in complete ignorance of their eventual mission, are treated like candidates for some future school of Space Cadets. They are subjected to a variety of tests, both psychological and physical, the former being performed to test for claustrophobes, irritability quotients, etc. The body tests call for superhuman endurance of heat, gravity and other travails of the Centrifuge.

Finally, the choices are narrowed down to 3 men for 3 rockets.

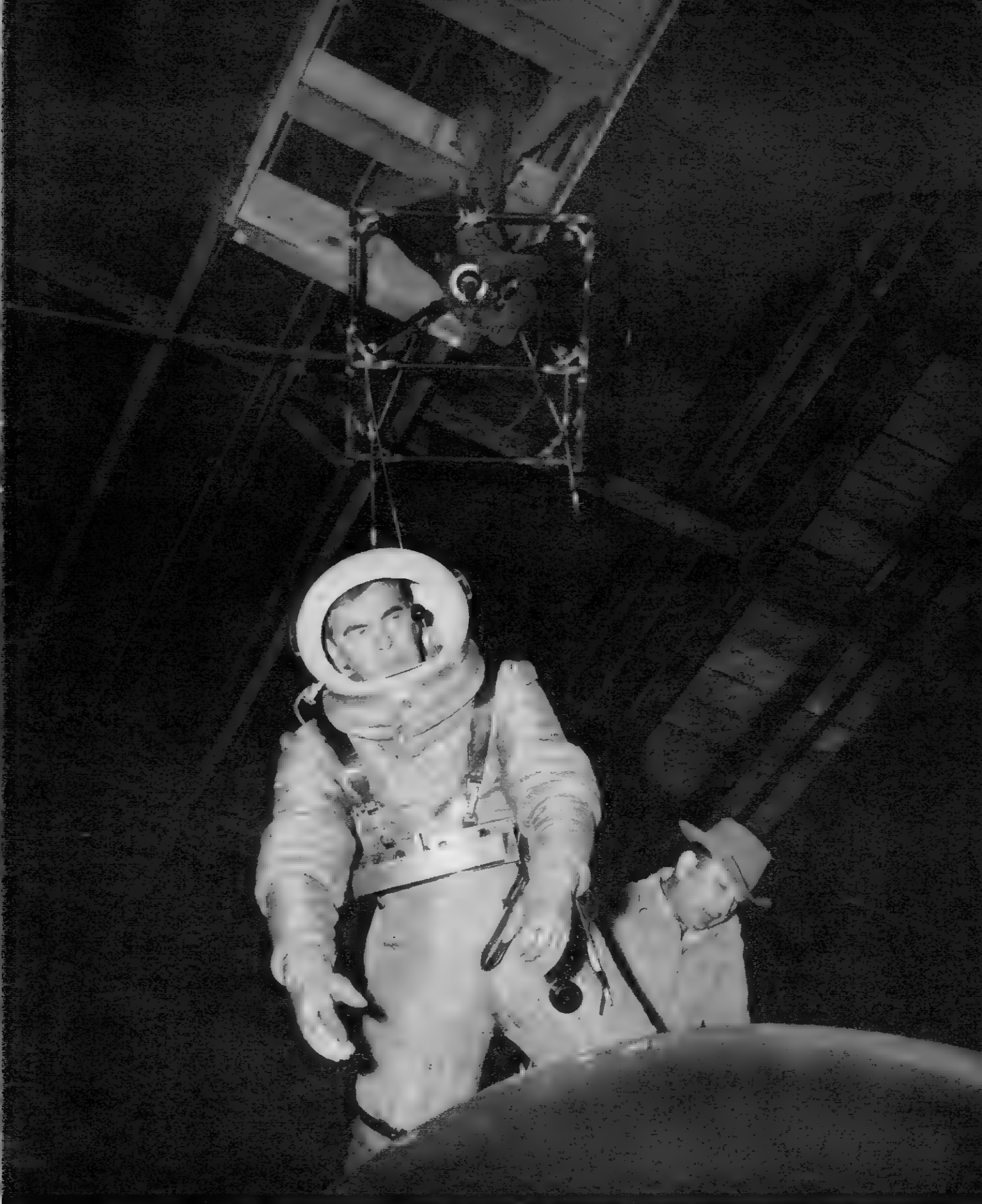
3-2-1—

Take off! The trio of meteor hunters rise almost simultaneously to a height of approximately 150 miles.

Robert Karnes is the first to spot a quarry. Calculations indicate it is oversize for his scooper, but he recklessly attempts to capture his prey. In the endeavor his ship is blown up and he becomes the dehydrated dummy upon which, later lying discarded in the dark on the sound stage at the Hal Roach Studio, my friend stumbled.

Yes, it's going to be tough to be a space explorer—but even filming a space movie is a risky proposition. One man lost his life during the production of *Riders to the Stars!* Another had his right hand blown off. Another—

Producer Ivan Tors, during a special interview in his office at "A-Men" Productions, said: "I would like to salute a brave and loyal man, Robert Orlando, who truly gave his life in a cause 'above and beyond



Apparatus overhead "operates" Spaceman almost like a puppet. (Photo courtesy Geo. Pal.)



Increased Gravity contorts face of Spaceman.

Getting ready to film *Rocket Crackup*. But never fear—*RIDERS TO THE STARS* has happy ending.



the call of duty.' No one connected with the making of our picture would have asked it of him. But the Pentagon had lent us one of their official pressure suits and an expensive duplicate had been made from it. This was stored in a warehouse overnight, and the warehouse caught fire. Mr. Orlando, who was nearby, and who knew the value of the suit and how production would be delayed if it were destroyed, ran into the blazing building, and was overcome by smoke, rescued by firemen, rushed to the hospital—but died the following day. I greatly regret this tragic accident."

dangerous occupation

A second bad accident was soon to follow. Just a few months before, while Master of Ceremonies at a radio awards show where plaques were given to outstanding contributors to scientifilms, I had had the pleasure of meeting an electronics engineer named Maxwell Smith, who, for the edification of the audience that nite, put on an electrical stage demonstration. Later hired as technical expert for *Riders to the Stars*, one of his jobs was to operate the first radio-controlled miniature rockets ever used in any scientifilm. An acetylene tank simulated rocket exhaust, and the day before shooting the first rocket sequences Smith got an idea for coloring the gas. Faced with a deadline, he took his work home with him, to his basement lab.

At 3 A.M. a terrific explosion rocked Smith's neighborhood. Lights popped on in nearby houses, owners hastily donned dressing robes and ran out into the cold night air, now acrid with the smoke of chemical fumes. Moans were emanating from the shaken Smith home.

The fire department was quickly summoned—and an ambulance. When the debris was cleared away and the unconscious man rescued, it was discovered that the force of the explosion had blown his right hand off. He was bleeding from multiple wounds. Sharp bits of metal had pierced his lung, "shrapnel" mangled his right leg, his left arm muscles and nerves were severed.

He was given no chance of survival. Nevertheless, 3 surgeons operated simultaneously for 6 hours—and he pulled thru. Maxwell Smith, graduate of the Massachusetts and California Institutes of Technology, victim of a leaking valve, martyr of a



How far can you see down the road—a mile or more? Then the Masters of Illusion have succeeded well for the road actually ends only 50' away! Wind Machine in front will soon blow up a storm on set of Ray Bradbury's **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE**.



Time Out for relaxation as Feminine Star of **RIDERS TO THE STARS** has fun playing **Astronaut**.

space movie.

When I spoke to Max a couple of weeks after the accident, he had assumed a remarkably philosophical attitude toward it. "You know, Ackerman," he said, "all my life I worked with my hands—from here on in I'm going to use my head."

death rides the spaceways

Still, the end was not yet on the mayheming misfortunes that plagued the picturization of *Riders*. In one hair-raising episode William Lundigan, his strength waning, is ordered to return to earth. He is over the North Pole as he receives instruc-

tions to decelerate, and fires a nose rocket.

Suddenly a meteor approaches. Lundigan decides to take a crack at trying to capture it. Against orders he switches off automatic operation and accelerates. He is rapidly using up his fuel. At a speed of 300 miles a second he "inches" up on the celestial speedball, which is about 14" in diameter and revolves slowly around its axis.

He falls behind the meteor, moves in cautiously, activates the scoop, secures the space traveler!

Returning to automatic computer, he is told when he reaches altitude 80 miles. He will hit atmosphere in 30 seconds. He opens glide-wings.

The rocket temperature increases to 130 degrees . . . 140 degrees . . . 190 degrees . . .



In actual movie, Richard Carlson recoils in panic from Space Helmet with snake-like oxygen tube which seems to have taken on a Life of Its Own as it floats before him in a state of Free Fall.

210 degrees . . . 220 degrees!

Blinded by sweat, his vocal chords scorched Lundigan rasps: "I can't take it any more—too hot—burning up—get me out of here!"

upset on space set

And at this point a model rocket caught fire and special effects man Harry Redmond came squealing to the studio nurse with a blistered right hand. Lucy treated Red for second degree burns while I looked on and made sympathetic noises, wondering how long it would remain safe just to be a reporter on a space film!

The 4th accident happened when star Richard Carlson, who had survived a tussle

with The Magnetic Monster and the frog-horror of The Maze and the Bradburian Thing that Came from Outer Space, took a tumble. He was rather far above the floor, "floating" in free fall, when the invisible piano wire supporting him snapped in two. I didn't wait to learn whether he intended to sue for non-support.

When my Pal George, who gave us *Destination Moon*, *When Worlds Collide* and *The War of the Worlds*, phoned inviting me to take a trip to Mars with Chesley Bonestell over at Paramount Studios, where they were filming Willy Ley's *Conquest of Space*, I didn't get out of bed till Lloyds of London answered my urgent cable: WILL YOU INSURE LIFE OF REPORTER WHO FREQUENTLY COVERS FILMING OF SPACE MOVIES? **END**



8 of the 12 of the Crew of the Lunar Eagle No. 1.

lunar trip

Lunar Eagle #1, bird of space, stands poised for takeoff. In her metal innards, 12 representatives of various races: a Frenchman, a Russian, a Negro, a Turk, a Japanese girl, a Scandinavian woman, a German, an American, and others.

A dozen different nationalities co-operating to conquer Space.

Dr. Orloff . . . Dr. Martel . . . Dr. Makonen . . . Dr. Murata . . . among the crew members . . . and Capt. Anderson.

Their Destination: Moon.

Their way: perilous.

Their courage: like wow!

It is a little more venturesome, getting to

the Moon, than setting off for, say, Disneyland (from *wherever* on Earth you may be reading this). Something like jumping 100 miles on a pogostick on an icy pond (thin ice) with banana peels on your bare feet and butter on your hands. And blindfolded.

With boobytraps in the ice that will blow up if you land on one of the landmines.

And bloodhounds baying not far behind your heels.

Ah, yes, Young Ones, ze journey to ze Moon is not to be undertaken—how you say?—lightly.

In other words, be sure there's a Full Moon in the sky before you set off for it, so you'll be sure not to miss it.

Capt. Anderson and his intrepid crew have quite a few adventures along the way.

VOYAGE OF THE SPACE EAGLE

they were
the first
dozen human
beings who
dared take
the big trip:
240,000 miles
straight *up!*
they were
the first 12
TO THE
MOON.



International Scientific Operation becomes successful Interplanetary Space Operation as Emblem of Conquest is planted on the Moon.

Both internally, where there's interpersonal tension, and externally, where there's the everpresent danger of—

The meteoroids of the void (which should be avoided like a Volkswagen should avoid a Greyhound bus). And—

Dust clouds, which can be a little more dangerous than a dust speck in the eye when the skin of your ship is being socked by them. Considering you're speeding thru space at about 5 miles every time your heart beats! (Does that make your heart beat faster?)

heart in mouth

The passengers of the *Lunar Eagle* #1 have their hearts in their mouths as their ship encounters meteoric showers and microscopic dust formations, making

breathhtaking maneuvers necessary to avoid having the hull of the rocket punctured. For if the air of the ship is lost, *all* is lost.

All *are* lost.

Fortunately, the *Eagle* is very well bossed by a captain who knows his business, and the rocket is brought safely to the Moon, where its pioneers perform the business that brought them there in the first place: the staking out of the Moon as *international* territory, to prevent terrestrial squabbles over right of ownership of our satellite.

unwelcome mat

But, as it turns out, somebody beat us to the Moon.

By many thousands of years.

Like by being born there.

Moon people!



Proud Earthman, First of the New Space Breed.



One of First Men on Moon operates his (sh!) Green Cheese Detector!

A Long Way from Home.



Yes, lunar inhabitants.

At first, because they are *invisible*, their presence is not positively detected. Their activities mystify the Earthmen, who only gradually come to realize that they are not alone on the Moon. Alien intelligences surround them!

And the message the Lunarians have for us is: EARTHMEN—GO HOME!

Reason for the unfriendly reception?

You see, the Moonmen are familiar with the mess Man's made of his own world. As they are beings of brainpower vastly superior to our own, it is not difficult for them to figure out that we are liable to spread our seeds of greed & destruction all over their peaceful world if not discouraged.

a pounce of prevention

The Moonmen have a proverb: "A pounce of prevention is worth a mound of cure," so they pounce first and give explanations afterwards.

They make it so uncomfortable for the 12 who made it to the Moon that the Earthians decide Moon doesn't rhyme with June or croon or spoon but a different tune: soon. They'd better pack up their marvels and leave for home *soon*.

In fact, in the weird marks of the Moon language, the Lunarians emphasize just that point in an Open Letter to the crew of the *Lunar Eagle*. Translated, the gist of it is: WE ARE WELL. YOU ARE SICK. KINDLY LEAVE US—PRETTY DARN QUICK.

Ruffling its feathers in a fan of flame, the *Lunar Eagle* shakes the dust of the Moon from its tail and heads for home.

cold reception

But rather than a warm heroes' welcome the space voyagers are confronted with an icy phenomenon as they near the orbit of Earth. Thru their telescope they observe the world inexplicably gripped in a blanket, not of warmth, but of coldth. Ice over America! Ice over Europe!

The Capital of the USA with its dome like a great scoop of vanilla ice cream on a cone.

An ice-coated Eiffel Tower!

This is no vagary of weather, they real-



Even on Luna the Lunatics fight!



Representatives of America & Japan among First Dozen Nationalities to simultaneously reach Moon.

Emergency aboard the Lunar Eagle No. 1.



ize; no freak of Nature; this is a warning from the Moonpeople, this deepfreeze of half the Earth, with the polar cap spreading southward like a white army of snowmen.

big pop at popocatepetl

When scientists aboard the *Lunar Eagle* figure out that the way to save Earth from the snow death is to blow up Mt. Popocatepetl (nobody could ever pronounce it anyway), they figure it will be small loss to the world at large, only to the Mexican population thereabouts that is fond of its familiar volcano, and to comedians like the Editor of *SPACEMEN* who like to use difficult names to make jokes with.

So 2 of the 12 freshly back from the Moon volunteer to taxi an atom bomb into the mouth of the Mexican crater and detonate it there in a hopeful attempt to thaw the cold wave.

But the big blast fails to activate the dormant volcano and it looks like a long hard winter everywhere. Like for the next 50 years. Or 100. Or 1000!

moon hearts melt

But in some way which your editor seems to have forgotten, none of his friends (either terrestrial or lunar) can seem to remember, and no film reviewers seem to have reported, the Moon nation comes to the belated conclusion that Earthniks are not all warlike and evil (well, 99.99% is not *all*) the men in the Moon decide to call off their Cold War.

So they turn off their moonshine.

And Jack Frost drops dead.

Und zo, as the icicles melt off the Empire State Bldg. and the Statue of Liberty takes off her mittens and shakes the snowflakes out of her hair . . .

The sun slowly sinks in the west. . .

The Moon slowly rises in the east

. . . And the audience slowly rises from its seat to its feet.

If there are any questions about the plot they may be addressed to:

The Maniac in the Moon
123 Barren Moon Chausen Way
Crater New York
Luna

END



Bombarding Meteorites a Constant Menace on the Airless Surface of the Moon.

O'HENRY'S COMET

tales with a twist
in their tail

Marshal Zack Henshaw maneuvered his spaceship alongside the other rocket. He dropped one of his big hands from the control board to the audio switch.

"Jetsome Judson," he said in a flat gruff voice, "this is Marshal Henshaw of the Space Patrol. Prepare yourself for contact. I'm coming aboard!"

"Sure, Marshal, sure," came the high squeaky sound of Judson's voice.

At the acknowledgment Henshaw promptly cut off the audio and made for the escape hatch. Briskly he donned his spacesuit, while the magnetic force of the automatic controls drew the 2 ships together. As the clang of the contact rang in his ears, Henshaw stepped into the inner airlock. There he pressed another switch and huge pumps began sucking the air in the lock back into the ship. Shortly the outer circular door swung silently back and Henshaw clambered through.

His magnetized iron boots rang loudly as he walked around the circular bulk of his ship. With scarcely a glance at the diamond-strewn black velvet of the void around him, he stepped expertly from one curving hull to the other, proceeding to the other ship's airlock and through it. Once inside the other rocket he waited until he could no longer hear the hiss of the air being pumped into the vacuum. Then he threw back his plastibubble helmet and entered the main

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION:

The most famous comet is Halley's.
The best-known form of short-short story is the O. Henry.

We sort of thought it would be sport to combine the two. Here, to begin with, is the first story writer Jim Harmon ever had published, rescued from the long defunct pages of a magazine called SPACEWAY. Today, around 100

part of the ship to face a very much perturbed little man.

"Judson, I won't waste words. I never do. You're a smuggler. I know it and you know it. So does everyone else, for that matter. You've always been a smuggler—probably always will be. You've spent most of your life on the prison planetoids for smuggling, but that won't stop you—nothing will! The psychodocs haven't been able to do a thing with you. But since you got out this time, the Space Patrol can't find out what you're smuggling, though we've certainly tried hard enough!"

Judson sniffled. "Why can't you leave me alone, Marshal? You guys have gone over the ship every trip before I hit Mars. You've checked & double-checked. You never find anything but still you keep hounding me."

Fire leaped into the Marshal's eyes. "Yes, we've checked. We analyzed the paint on your bulkheads to see if it didn't contain Venusian Dream Dust. We've examined all your books and charts to see if they didn't have military secrets hidden in them. We took your ship apart looking for aliens you might be going to land on Mars. We even checked the outside of your hull for moisture to see if it didn't have a film of Jovian Joy Juice clinging there. We inspected you and your ship atom by atom and we found *nothing*."

"And still you keep hounding me!" Judson wailed.

Henshaw's teeth flashed. "And I will until I find out what it is. Nobody ever let me get away

THE SPACE

stories later, this man who has been characterized as a "volcanic talent, spewing flaming literary lava," is writing in Hollywood, where he recently provided the original story basis for a future monster movie called THE SCARAB.

For future appearances in this department we have under consideration reprints of stories by other imaginative writers; Science-Fiction fans with recommendations for reprints will be listen-

ed to with appreciation. Original stories (accompanied by stamped-addressed return envelopes) will be considered for publication at sweet rates (5 candy bars: O, Henry!) No more than 1000 words, please.

The commercial out of the way, now on to the story of the space smuggler who couldn't be stopped till he met up with the No. 1 space copper.

with anything, so why should I let you?"

Henshaw pulled a knife. Judson backed off in alarm.

"Oh, don't worry," reassured the Marshal. "I'm just going to do a little investigation on my own. I never did trust those scientists. But then I never trusted anybody."

Moments later Henshaw stood amidst upholstery torn to shreds, luggage broken and clothes scattered. He was breathing hard and there was a radiation burn on his hand where he had examined the power drive.

"Marshal, you can't find anything if the lab boys couldn't. Give it up. The next thing you'll be tearing up the control board."

Henshaw turned. "You wouldn't want me to tear up the control board, eh?"

"No, of course not. You'd wreck—oh, no . . . you can't!"

"Ah-ha!" said the Marshal in triumph.

Desperately the small man threw himself at Henshaw. The Marshal sent him to the floor with one blow of his huge fist.

"You wouldn't be crazy enough to draw on me? No, I thought not."

Henshaw pried off the front of the control board with his knife. He reached in and pulled out wires with his gloved hand. Sparks flew and the smell of ozone filled the air.

"Hmm," said the Marshal at length. "There's nothing here but wires and gears and—"

"You've ruined the controls," wailed Judson from the floor. "We'll crash!"

"You whimpering fool," said Henshaw con-

temptuously. "My ship is still locked to yours. I can go to it and tow you in." He added, "The Space Patrol always tries to be of service."

"Too late," Judson continued to wail. "Look behind you."

Henshaw turned to the indicated porthole and saw a craggy asteroid rushing in toward them.

The crash came with a violent lurch and a blinding flash of blackness. When Henshaw & Judson regained consciousness they quickly established that both ships were damaged beyond repair and that all transmission equipment had been wrecked.

Spacesuited, the Marshal & Judson sat on a rocky projection on the planetoid's surface.

"It's hopeless," said Henshaw. "Hopeless, because routine patrol will never find us before our oxygen gives out—and we can't radio for help. We're done for!"

Judson nodded miserably.

"You see where your sins have led you, Jet," the Marshal unbent slightly. "You should have told me what you were managing to slip by the Space Patrol." He leaned forward eagerly. "It will do you no harm now. Come on, tell me."

Judson's nose twitched uncontrollably.

"Aw, come on, tell me," Henshaw encouraged.

Judson leaned his head forward so his twitching nose pressed against his plastibubble helmet. He rubbed it back and forth, leaving a trail of moisture, and sighed. He turned so that his washed-out blue eyes were, for the first time, staring directly into the stern gray ones of the Marshal.

He confessed, simply: "Spaceships." **END**

SMUGGLER

COLLISION

There is Nowhere to Hide . .



COURSE

.. **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE!**

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

COLLIDE!

continued



Three eye the sky—and the Angry Red Sun in it that threatens extinction of life on Earth.

Operation Rescue. Help from Helicopter.



They knew the Minute, the Hour and the Day the World would Come to an End and Humanity would be Destroyed! Only an Ark of Space could save—some.

A sinister, thrilling whisper stalks the telegraph trails of the world. . . Two scientists confirm their calculations: 2 great planets have jumped their orbits and are racing thru space to collide with our world. . . This means D-Day for the entire Earth—a date with Death, Doom, Destruction.

"The League of Last Days" is formed. . . They plot a miraculous escape in which only the fittest will survive. . . Millions revert to savagery as civilization crumbles, law and order become a shambles.

And then the crash—the end of the world. . .!

STAGGERING!

IRRESISTIBLE!

FASCINATING!

Screen history has never recorded a more spectacular sight. . . Visualize the colorful, vivid, terrifying vision of mankind sentenced to annihilation . . . salvation in space for a chosen few . . . total destruction for the majority of millions who spend their last days in terror & bloodshed as the face of the earth turns red in a torrential crimson flood!

Imagine all this, in a production backed by the entire artistic and technical resources of Paramount's gigantic studio—and you are assured the supreme screen achievement of all time!

Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

when worlds collide

Cecil B. DeMille?! Something strikes you as odd? You seem to remember or have heard that **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE** was a Geo. Pal production? You recall no world-wrecking in the career of the late CBD?

Right you are!—and you've just won yourself a free rocket ride to the Moon Lagoon.

Actually, the Foreword to this article was taken almost word for word from Para-



The Ark of Space under construction.



48 Hours before Doomsday, 2 passengers discuss their chances for Survival in the shadow of the great ship.

All engines blasting, the ship speeds down the launching ramp.



mount's publicity book predicting its hits for the year 1934.

The prediction was a bit premature.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, originally serialized in *Bluebook* magazine in 1932, was not to reach the screen (and rock it like a rocket) till almost 20 years later when, in New Orleans in 1951, on the occasion of the annual World Science Fiction Convention, the lucky space fans in attendance got to see the world premiere of **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE**.

The novel itself was written by Philip Wylie & Edwin Balmer and when the first instalment of it appeared it doubled the magazine's circulation; It was reported that the employees of the printing plant where it was being published were so excited about it that the 200 of them dropped their work to grab the story wet off the press!

10,000 sticky inky fingers!

Luckily their boss was a Spaceman too at heart.

last chapter in earth's life

The chapterheads of the book itself give a dramatic summary of the action of the film: The Amazing Errand. . . The League of the Last Days. . . The Strangers from Space. . . Dawn After Doomsday?

A World Can End. . . First Effects. . . Some Demands of Destiny. . . Marching Orders for the Human Race.

How the World Took It. . . The last Nite in New York. . . The Approach of the Planets.

The Saga. The Attack.

The Last Nite on Earth.

Starward Ho!

The Journey Thru Space. The Crash of Two Worlds. The Cosmic Conquerors. .

it begins with Bellus

The world's first hint of extinction comes (in the picture) when astronomers detect another sun, a "little" red runaway sun named Bellus, inconveniently headed for the same spot in space generally occupied by—us.

A frightening case of For Whom the Bellus Tolls—and if that funny is over your head, sonny, well . . . so is Bellus! And here's where the trouble starts: when Bellus gets too close to Tellus (which is another name for Earth), that big bonfire from outer space is going to burn our planet



Inside the Ship at Takeoff, Passengers suffer Pressure of Increased Gravity.

as black as a teen girl cook's first piece of toast. We'll either roast to death or—worse yet—get smashed to smithereens by a companion of Bellus, a planet named Zyra.

"As far as the collision with Bellus and the rocket were concerned," said the picture's director, Rudy Mate, in an interview, "the film was frankly science fiction. We launched the spaceship horizontally instead of vertically, in the usual way. Jets beneath the ship supplied the initial impulse that started it rolling down a track like the carriage of a rollercoaster. After reaching the bottom it shot up off into the air at about 3000' per second. The jets were dropped as the ship left the track and the rocket motors went into action. After penetrating the atmosphere the ship speeded up to the velocity of escape of 7 miles per second."

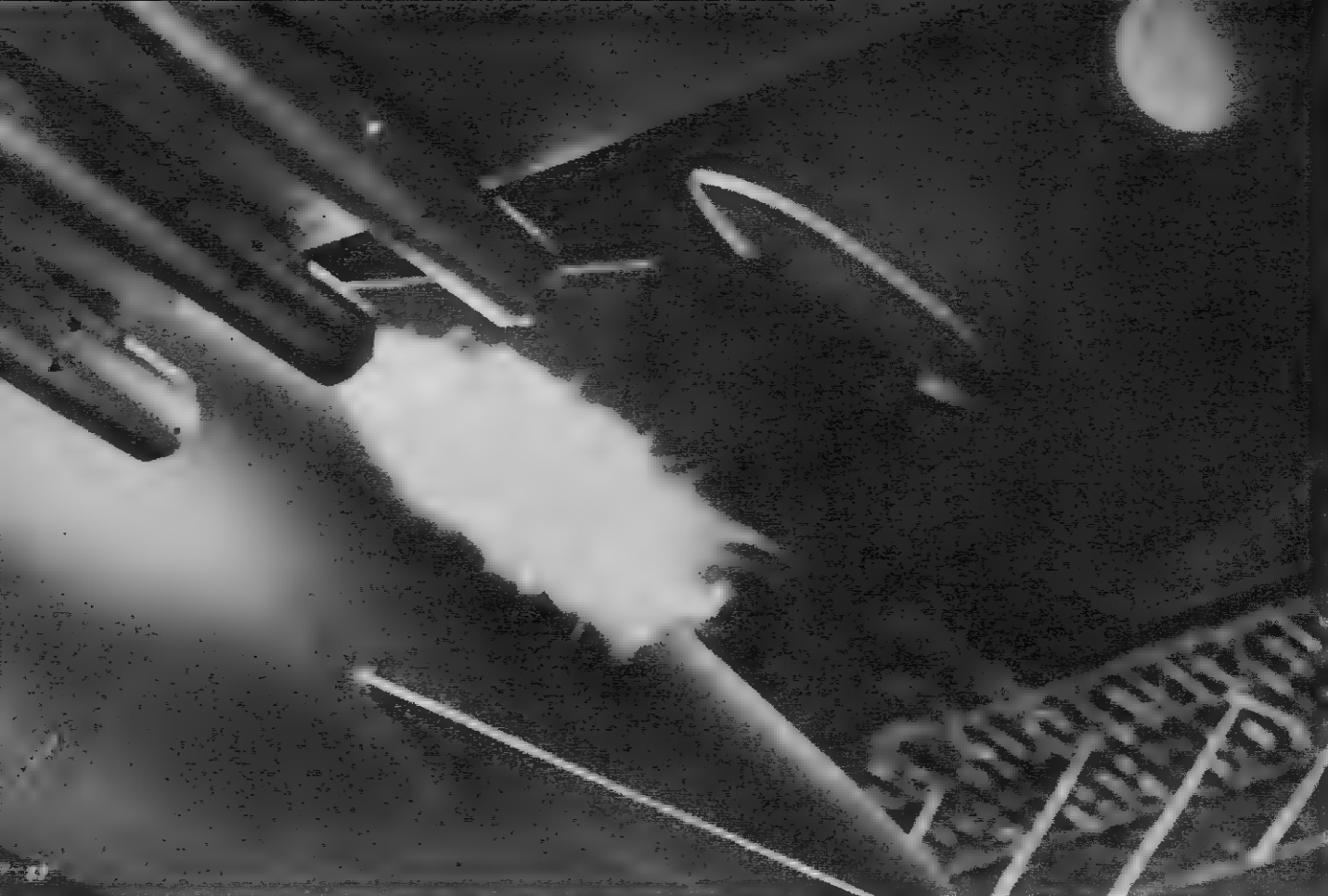
With the whole world clamoring for rescue, rich men offering their fortunes,

poor men their files of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, only 40 people can be accommodated on the new Noah's Ark of space that is hastily built during the last days of life on Earth. Four hundred feet long, it is of gleaming metal tapering to a needle-sharp nose; 75' wide. It will be hurled into space, with its human and animal cargo, at a speed approximating 1500 miles an hour. Forty men and women, out of the whole human race, seeking survival on a new world while the one they leave behind is rocked and ravaged by cosmic forces the like of which no human being has ever experienced.

As Bellus, the great flaming bowling-ball of death, approaches Earth, the surface of our planet begins to crack up under the gravitational stresses and strains.

The earth quakes.

Sleeping volcanos waken, belching forth fireballs like Roman Candles and white-



The Great Fire Bird wings free of the Mother Planet as Bellus, the Red Interloper, approaches.

hot rivers of molten lava.

The tides rise in the 7 seas and as tempests of hurricane strength roar through the atmosphere, howling like banshees at the wake of the world, tidal waves of un-

precedented height attack New York with watery fists. Broadway becomes a colossal trough of water as millions of tons of angry ocean smash and batter at the skyscrapers of the great metropolis.

With the world literally crumbling around their ears, the planet pioneers flee their dying Mother Earth on a column of flame. They are almost squashed flat by the multi-gravities of the takeoff but, having been picked for their superb bodies as well as their superior brains and quality of emotional stamina, the hardy spacemen and spacewomen survive the shock of the leap into space.

It is a thrilling race with Destiny.

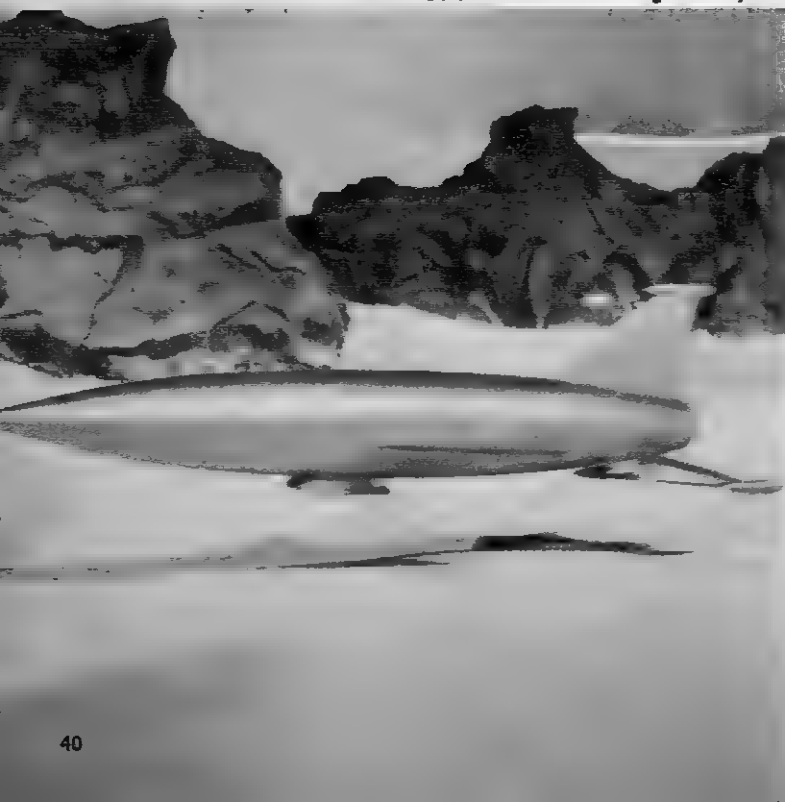
A do-or-die effort to cross the interplanetary void to a new haven in the sky.

And when the Earthship at last comes to rest on the alien soil of Zyra and the last 40 human beings in existence emerge from their metal cocoon to test the atmosphere of their second home, a warm and friendly flowering landscape greets their anxious eyes. It is a welcome sign.

The old Earth, with its pride and prejudices, is gone. It is Day #1 on the New World Zyra and for the orphans of space a new life dawns.

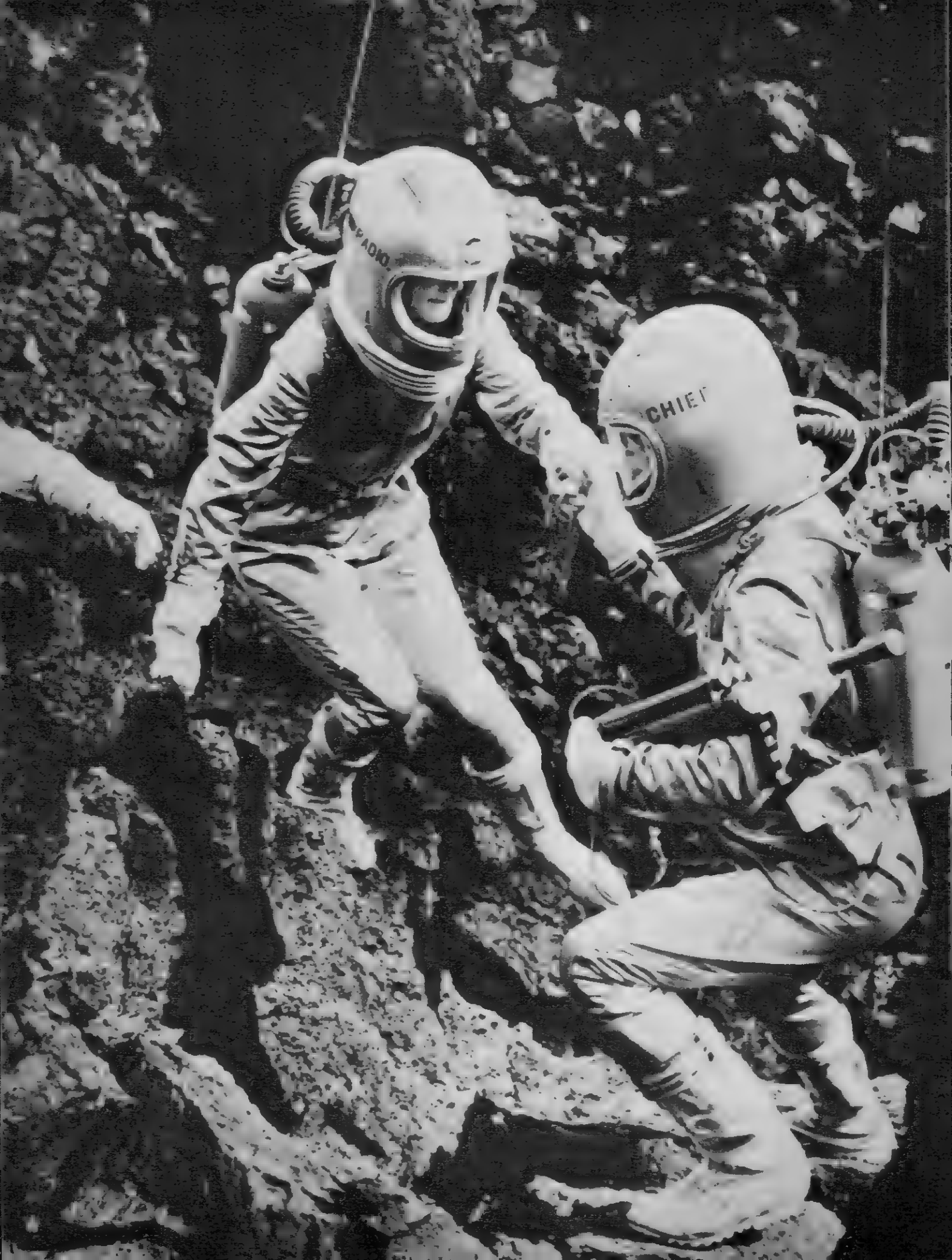
END

Successful Landing on Zyra!





Out of the Space Ark and onto the soil of the New World.



Aliens from Another World land on Luna
Their Warlike Intent inevitably leads
to BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE!

ALIENACE

FROM THE MOON

time's timeless questions

The mysteries of the Universe!

Is there Life on other planets? If so, what type or form of life?

Flying saucers—where do they come from and for what purpose? What kind of ships be they—friendships or foeships?

And what of our own eye-in-the-sky, the Moon? What secrets may be concealed by that backside of the satellite which forever hides its contours from our naked sight, our strongest telescopes?

Ever since the dawn of time, from the earliest beginnings of intelligent evolution on our world, Man has asked himself these

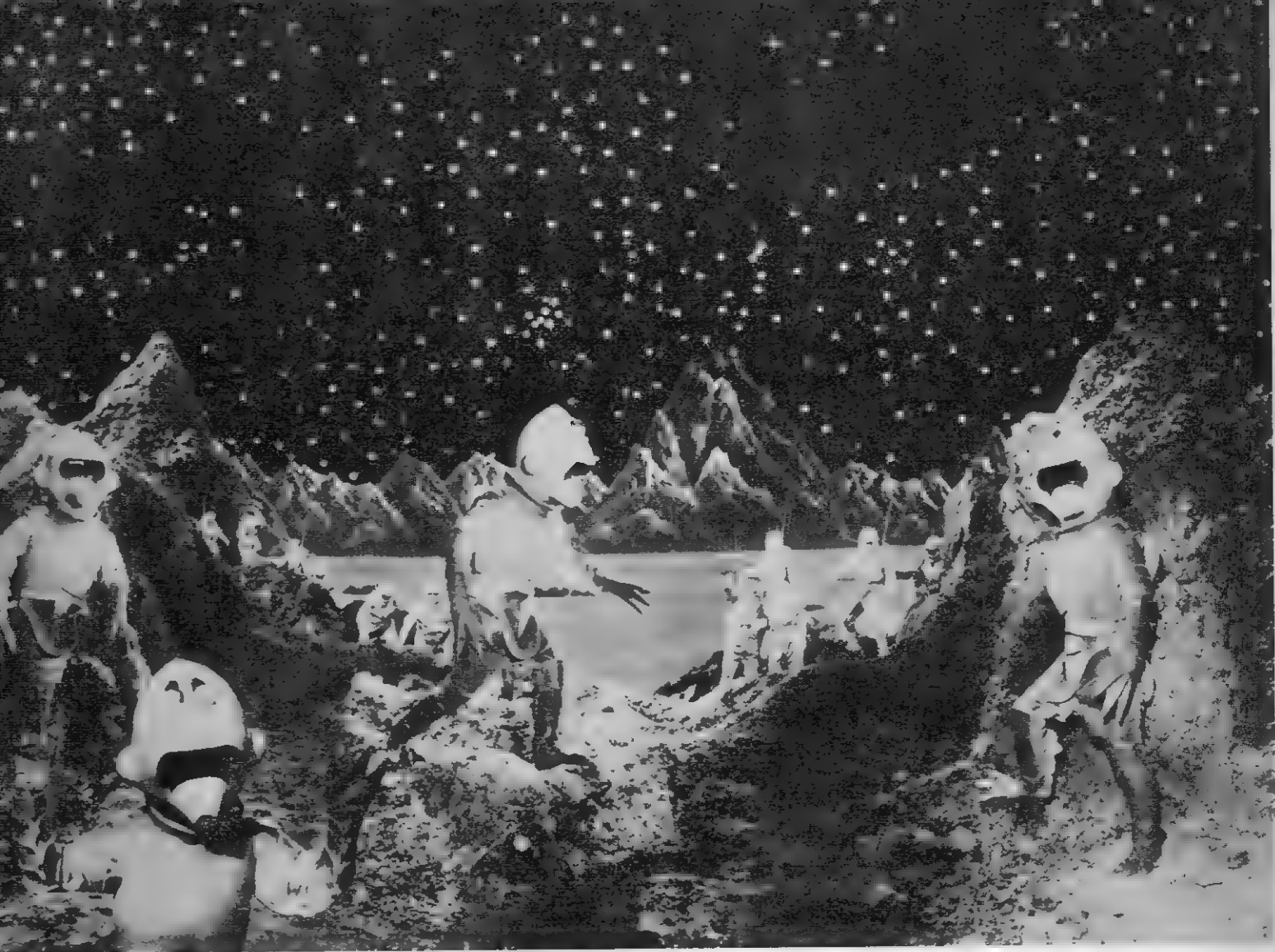
puzzling questions. And now—today—with his great scientific achievements and technological strides, he may at long last hope to solve these age-old mysteries.

Altho many scientists estimate that it will take till the year 1970 till we see the first manned spaceship successfully come to rest on the formidable terrain of our nearest planetary neighbor, the Moon, BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE dares to rocket ahead of reality.

Really rocket.

thrilling theory

The technicolor extravaganza advances the theory that since Man has entered the Space Age and already placed many arti-



In the foreground, the Mighty Mites from Another World, who have been menacing Earth from their base on the Moon.

ficial satellites in orbit, his next step will inevitably be to land on the Moon. If this is so, why couldn't visitors from a far-distant planet already be on *their* way to Earth?

BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE depicts a race of aliens who are bent on invading and eventually conquering our planet by first establishing a base on the dark side of Luna. From this vantage point they are able to study the life on our planet and plot the measures which must be taken to promise them the conquest of Earth.

murderous mysteries

An eerie phosphorescent light-beam reaches down from the sky like an icy finger. When it touches a railway bridge the structure freezes . . . and slowly rises until

it is invisibly suspended high above the gorge it once spanned!

An ocean liner passing thru the Suez Canal is scooped from the water as tho by an unseen giant's hand. Inexplicably it flies into the air!

The famed canals of Venice suddenly defy gravity and spout into the sky!

Occurrences most unusual & bizarre, to say the least!

scientists consulted

A meeting of the world's best scientific brains is hastily arranged. The conference of experimenters, inventors, engineers, technicians, et al, comes to the conclusion that these disasters are the work of unknown creatures established on the Moon preparatory to a full-scale attack on Earth!



Lotsa activity on the Moon tonite as a Full Earth rises in the background.

The mysterious photon-beam is analyzed as a gravity freeze-ray directed from lunar-based flying saucers. In order to combat this threat to the world's security a crash program is instigated to create a super-weapon. The inventors devise an atomic heat ray cannon.

The United Nations votes to send 2 atom-powered rocketships on an armed scouting mission to the Moon. Five days later the rockets are hurtling thru the airless blackness of solar space, their crews of scientist-soldiers bearing the hopes of all the peoples of Earth.

saucers strike!

Suddenly the Earthships are attacked by space-torpedoes guided by enemy saucers. The first battle in space ensues and the Earth forces narrowly escape disaster.

During the space encounter the mind of one of the crewmen, Iwamura, is enslaved by the enemy and the others receive a message from the invaders warning them that if they approach the Moon and try to land they will be destroyed. Ignoring the threat, the Earth rockets descend on the Moon and the crews discover the enemy's base. Meanwhile, Iwamura, who has been left behind in one of the spaceships, is telepathically commanded to destroy the ships.

A fierce battle between the earthmen and the invaders takes place at the enemy fortress when the Earthmen's heat ray is pitted against the gravitational freeze of the enemy ray. The most destructive forces in the entire universe are deadlocked in a raging inferno until the enemy control center suffers a fatal blow, thus freeing Iwamura's mind from telepathic domination.

Pursued by the strange creatures, the



The latest Thing in AutoMOONbiles.

crews head back to their ships only to discover that one has been destroyed. Since Iwamura is no longer a mind-slave of the beings from another world, he valiantly announces that he will stay on the Moon, fending off the onslaught of the enemy forces so that the rest can return to Earth.

earth alert

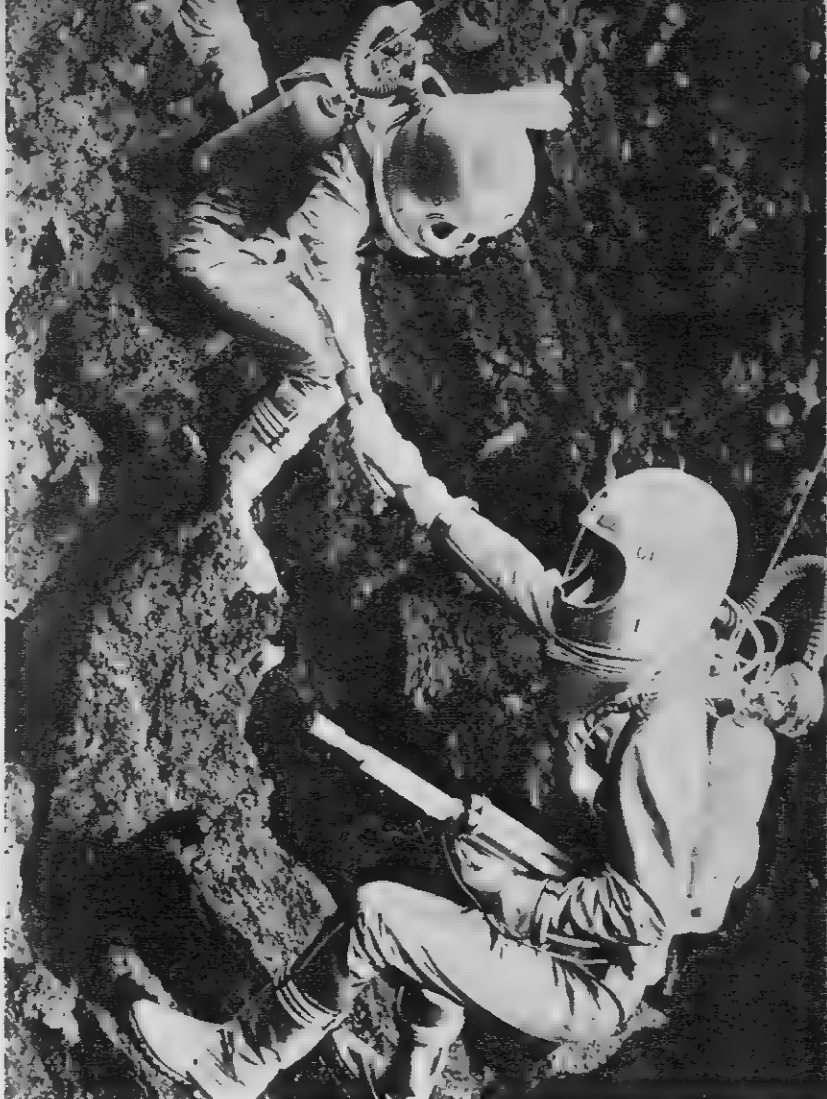
An all-out rocket war program gets underway after the scout ships report back to Earth. Fighter bases are built in Texas, Siberia and Tokyo; others are still being constructed when the first of the enemy saucers attacks Earth. Space torpedoes are launched by the invaders and one of them targets on New York City, crumbling her skyscrapers as if they were made of tinfoil!

The battle in "outer space" begins in earnest when a hopelessly outnumbered fighter rocket squadron from Earth tangles with the enemy near the Moon. Rockets and saucers are "dog-fighting" in interplanetary space, zigging this way, zagging that. The scene is one of death & destruction! Finally, after miraculously warding off the threat of invasion & conquest, the Earth soldiers return home—the victors of Space War I.

tribute to technicians

The success and believability of the Space War depended solely on the talents and imaginations of the special effects men, who had their work cut out for them from the start. As the script called for floating bridges and geysering canals, they had to devise even greater screen wonders than for *RODAN* and *THE MYSTERIANS*. The weapons which were manufactured by them included Moon expeditionary rockets, a space station, space exploration tanks, a heat ray cannon, fighter rockets, flying saucers, a freeze ray gun, a cosmic fortress and similar space-looking specialties all in breathtaking color.

Whether or not this space opera is a prophecy of what might actually occur a few years from now is, of course, something no one really knows. However, we may rest assured that if the governments of the world aren't able to ward off interplanetary invaders with weapons which Earth's scientists have devised, the Special Effects aces of filmdom will meet the challenge and come to the rescue of the world! **END**



Tight Spot for Spaceniks!

Moonstruck! No One could complain BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE didn't give them their Moony's Worth!



SPACE

MONSTER

SPACE





half the drama of any space movie is the meeting up with the Other Life: the strange form of creature inhabiting another world. here are a few of them.

the metaluna mutant

We here on Sol Planet # 3 (This Island Earth) have been unaware that for centuries 2 mighty planets—Metaluna and Zahgon—have been locked in death throes. A Metaluna man called Exeter, a high-domed mastermind of his superscientific planet, is anxious to bring an end to this endless, senseless, mindless war. He seeks the aid of Earthman Meacham, who is very hip with the nuclear know-how.

As the picture moves into space overdrive, we see—

Tractor rays! Disintegrator beams (in technicolor)

Guided missile meteors

A subterranean civilization of super machinery and architecture

And last but not least—in fact, beast of all—the artificially bred mutation that would scare the pants off The Creature from the Black Lagoon, if he wore any.

The monster of Metaluna has a head 4 times the size of a human being's. And eyes to match. They're as big and round as saucers.

Its cranium completely skinless, the snakelike convolutions of its giant brain are nakedly exposed. Utterly earless, it has a score of veins on either side of its face, streaking up from its throat and covering its cheeks and temples like strands of seaweed.

Its arms, extending almost to the floor, end in a wicked pair of plier-like pincers.

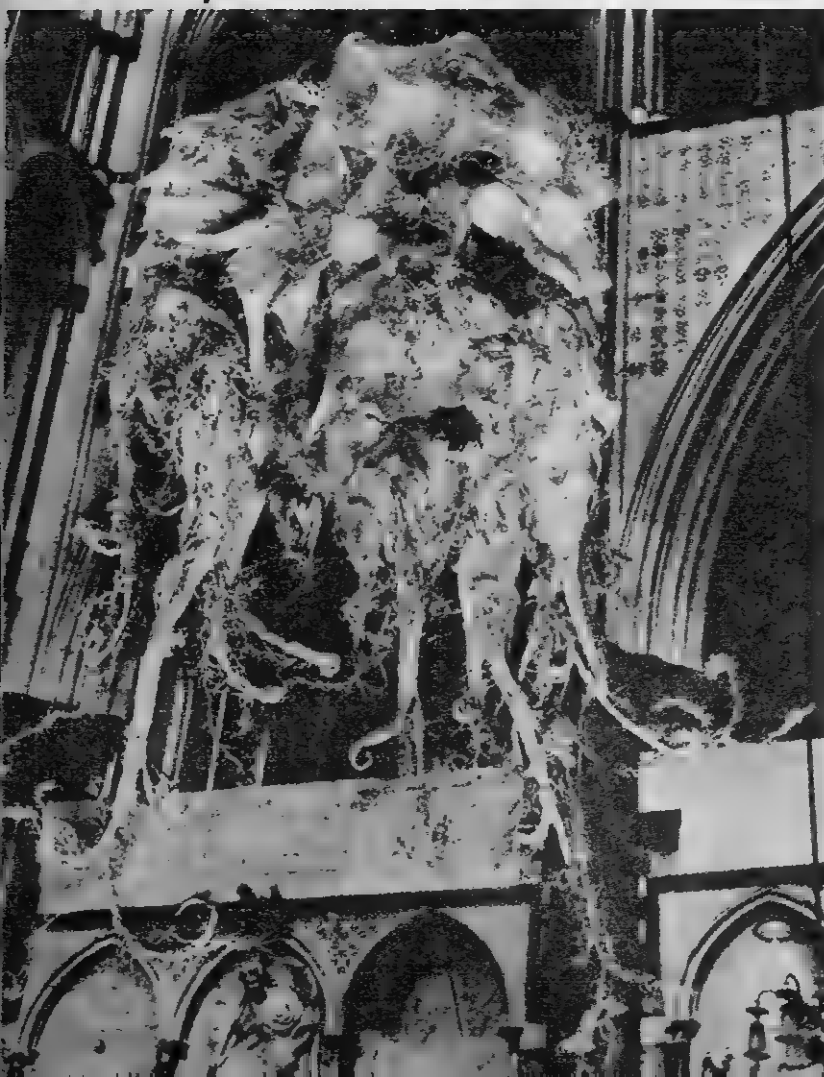
reptilian world

In KING DINOSAUR, the monsters encountered are of a more "familiar" sort. At least, space fans who have seen films of *inner* space such as JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH and UNKNOWN WORLD will recognize the rep-



The Giant Ymir from Venus wishes it was 20 Million Miles from Earth.

THE CREEPING UNKNOWN cornered in Westminster Abbey.



tilian nature of the giant life of the new world, Nova. On Nova, the wild life—and it's mighty wild—comes kingsize . . . especially in the dinosaur kingdom. Gila monsters, iguanadons, baby alligators and salamanders who hadn't had a good day's work since ONE MILLION B.C. found themselves before the cameras again when the planet explorers landed on their prehistoric type world.

In WORLD WITHOUT END a rocket crew bound for another planet somehow took a detour through the 4th Dimension. On the other side of Time's Door they found themselves on a strange planet they couldn't recognize.

Mars? Venus? No, of all places on earth (or off it) it was—Earth! But a different Earth . . . Earth altered by the passage of much time . . . Earth of the future!

And on that future Earth horrible caricatures of men roamed wild; once men, now monsters; degenerate beast-men descended from the atomically altered remnants of mankind after the Last World War. Half-blind hunchbacks; misshapen monstrosities with misplaced eyes; Cyclopean horrors.

Some of these shuddersome brutes we have shown you in our companion magazine, FAMOUS MONSTERS.

Here we picture one of the frightful mutant animals of Planet 3 (our own) in the dark days that may lie ahead if heads are lost at the wrong time in the wrong places, and we find ourselves involved in World War III.

venomous venusian

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, from Venus, comes the egg of an unborn ymir. When first it hatches it is only 18" tall but the games of Earth's atmosphere cause an astonishing acceleration in its rate of growth so that soon it has reached enormous proportions. And on an ymir, enormous proportions are cause to push the Panic Button.

In appearance the ymir is evil incarnate:

Beady eyed, bullet headed.

Half animal, half anaconda.

Jowled and cock's-combed.

Hideous—fascinating—repellant. A creature of dinosaurian dimensions, rearing upright, roaring at the human beings who mean it harm. A Hollywood make-up man's masterpiece.



"You need a manicure, bud," says Hero to Horror from Venus.



One of the endless menaces of **WORLD WITHOUT END**.

The Thing from **THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES** menaces Earthmen with frightening 2 eyes!



another visitor from venus

A Venusian of an entirely different sort was imagined for **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD**. This tasty number resembled an overgrown cucumber that would never do the rhumba because it had no legs. Two horns sprouted from the top of its pointed head. Eyes glowed like flashlights in its deep-sunken eye-pits. Its teeth were like the tusks of baby elephants.

Super-intelligent, this lone vanguard of an invasion from Venus takes over the wills of a small group of people, including the community's nearby space satellite installation. It doesn't quite, as the title indicates, Conquer the World, but it does give the people it meets up with some uneasy moments.

Until Lee Van Cleef, electronics genius who futilely tried to befriend the Venusian, finally brings the creature's life to a fiery end when he blows out its eyes with a blowtorch.

first-class creature

THE CREEPING UNKNOWN was the best space picture, the best monster picture, the best sci-fi film and the best horror movie released in 1956. Five years have passed since the Quatermass Experiment that turned a crashed rocket's lone survivor into a national menace, and still its topnotch qualities are fresh in many minds.

A man who was once a decent human being, after a strange experience in space returns to Earth to gradually change into something at first half human, half vegetable; then, finally, totally unhuman—a great writhing mass of formless horror like a huge jellyfish out of water, a fungus growth gone mad, an octopus-like monster that ingests and thrives on all flora and fauna that comes in its path. Plants or people, the ex-human welcomes them all on its menu. No gourmet, this gluttonous gelatinous glob that absorbs every living thing in its path!

Finally this horror that was born in space is trapped atop the scaffolding in London's Westminster Abbey. It takes all the concentrated electrical power of London to crisp the Creeping Unknown.

And so, like the Indians of old, another space monster bites the dust.

We wonder: does the dust ever bite back?

END



Rocketeers run for their Lives from Giant Reptile of Planet Nova. (From KING DINOSAUR.)

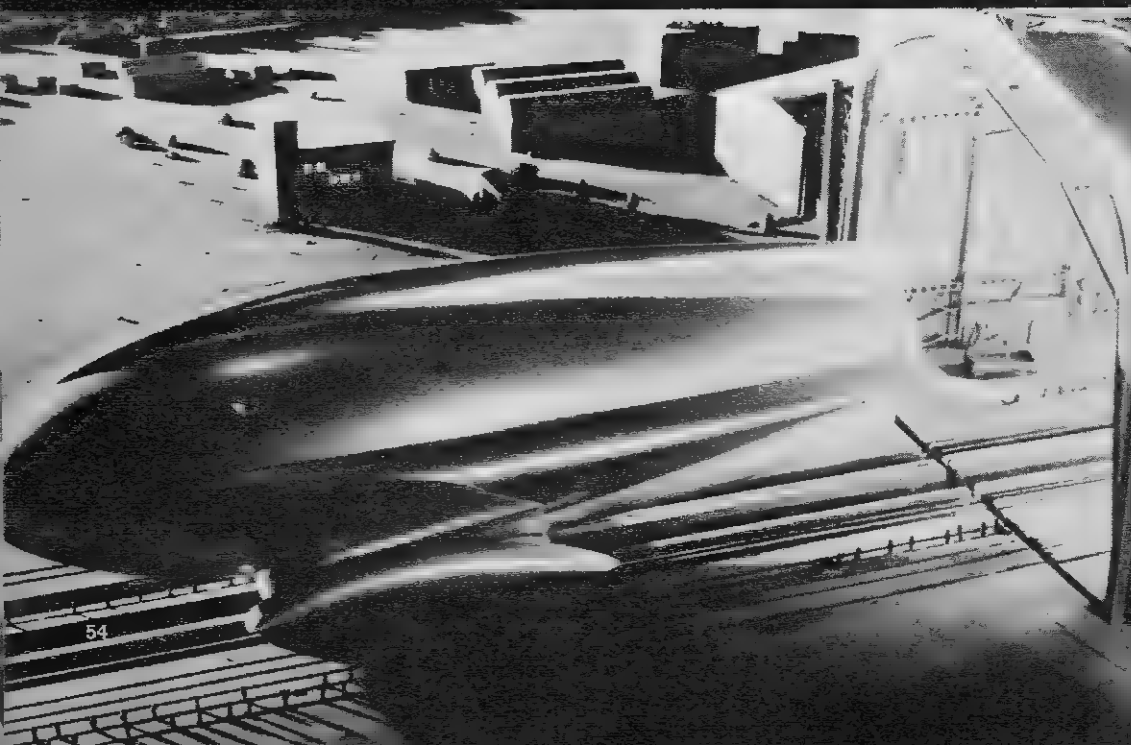
ORBITUARY

DEPARTMENT

Address your Spacial Requests for Photos you would like to see reproduced in Future Issues of SM to Dept. 4SJ, 915 S. Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 35, California, and the Editor will do his Best to Oblige.



I saw a keen serial when I was a kid, called KING OF THE ROCKET MEN. I'd give a Big Little Book to see a picture of the King again. — BILLY RENTSLER. (Good, you owe us one copy of Tom Mix, the Miracle Rider. — FJA.)



In your companion film magazine Famous Monsters you once mentioned a Bavarian space film and made it sound awfully interesting. But you didn't show any stills from it. Perhaps you'll remember the one I mean. Do you have any stills? — JONI CORNELL. (Dear Joni: The only Bavarian space film ever made, as far as we know, was apparently known as both ROCKETFLIGHT TO THE MOON and SPACESHIP No. 1 STARTS. We hope you like this selection.)

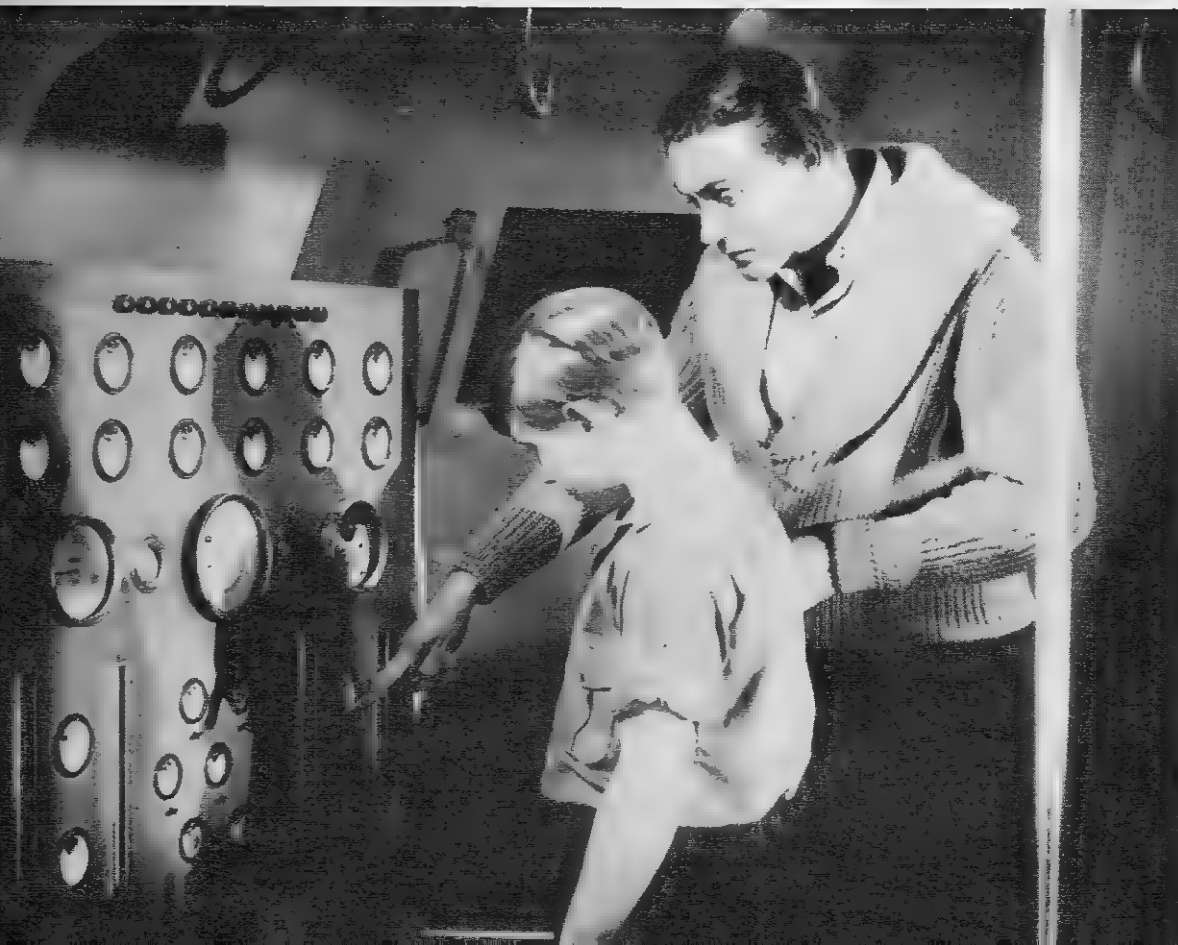


My husband Tad jokingly refers to THE INVASION OF THE SAUSAGE-MEN. I say the SAUCERMEN looked more like cabbage heads. Can you solve this controversy for us?—MRS. SYLVIA WYATT. (To us they look like meatballs with spaghetti!—Editor & Publisher.)

ORBITUARY continued



Didn't Maureen O'Sullivan, who was so popular as Tarzan's wife Jane, once star in a space film called **JUST IMAGINE**? If so, do you have any scenes of her from that movie? — **RON HAYDOCK**. (Maureen played LN-18, teenager of 1980, in **JUST IMAGINE**, and here she is, whizzing along in the skies in her new **Wonderbird**. Later on in the pic her boyfriend, J-21, went to Mars. Ed.)



No first issue of a space magazine could consider itself complete, I'm sure, without a scene from the classic **FRAU IN MOND**. But, please! — not the same rocketport or takeoff scene that has been published in a score of space books. Aren't there any other pictures than those often-seen? — **EARL HEMP**. (You watch your language, Earl Hemp! We don't publish any often-seen pictures in this magazine! However, we have unearthed one extremely rare foto from **THE GIRL IN THE MOON**, showing the young boy stowaway; and here, for the first-time in 30 years, it is.—FJA.)



Sometimes I think I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE. My husband and I have lately been arguing as to which is the more horrible, the creature from that movie or Famous Monster Forrest Ackerman. We already know what FJA looks like (and it gives us nitemares)—would you publish a picture of the Married Monster from Spaceville so we can refresh our memories?—**JOBI TRIMBLE.** (Dear Mrs. Trimble: We don't blame you for trembling at the thought of FJA; females of the Species often do. No magazine would dare publish a photo of him as he actually looks TODAY; but we can oblige you with this comparatively unugly picture from the movie.—Publisher.)

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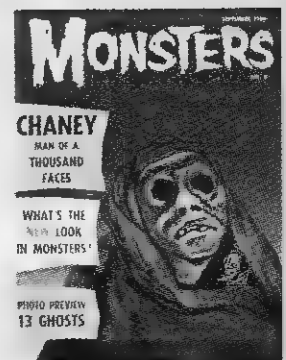
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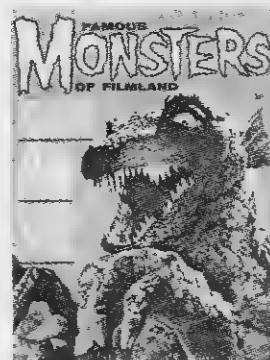
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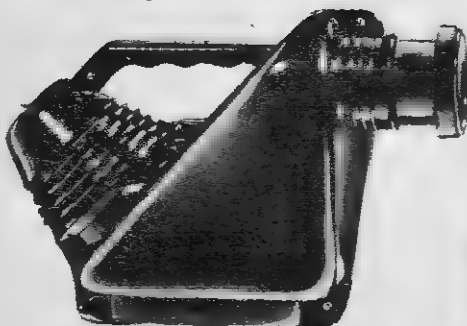


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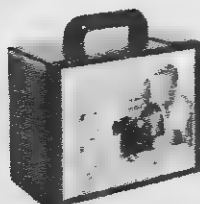
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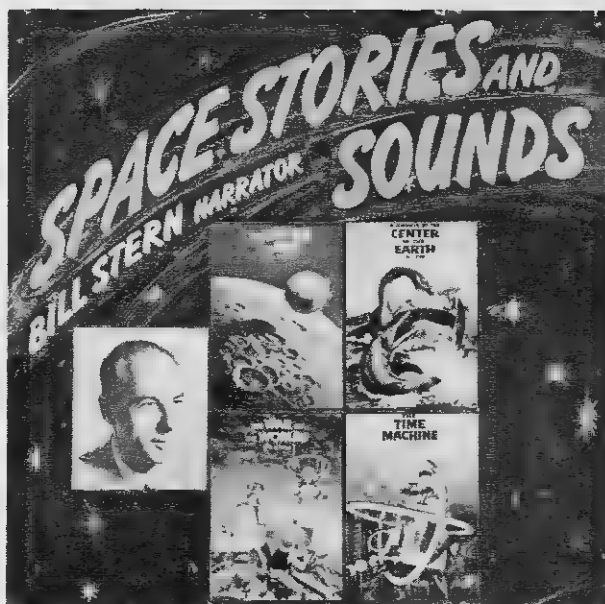
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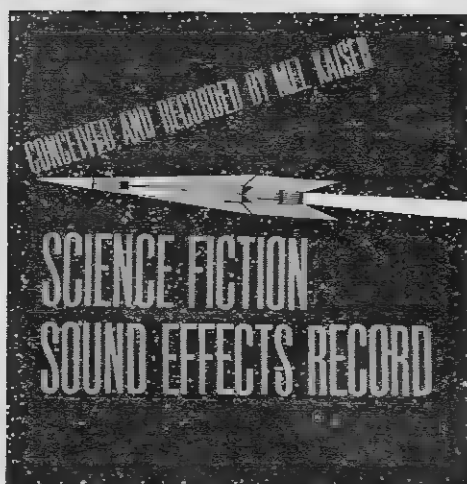
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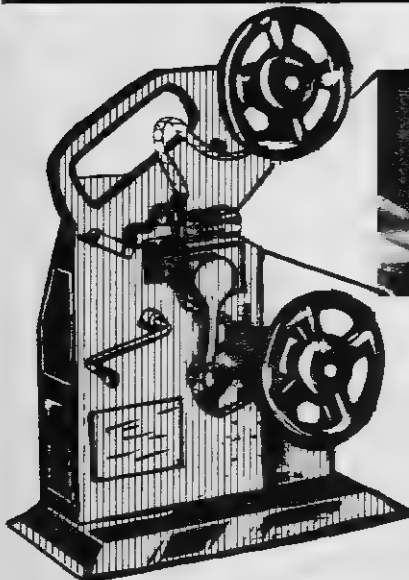
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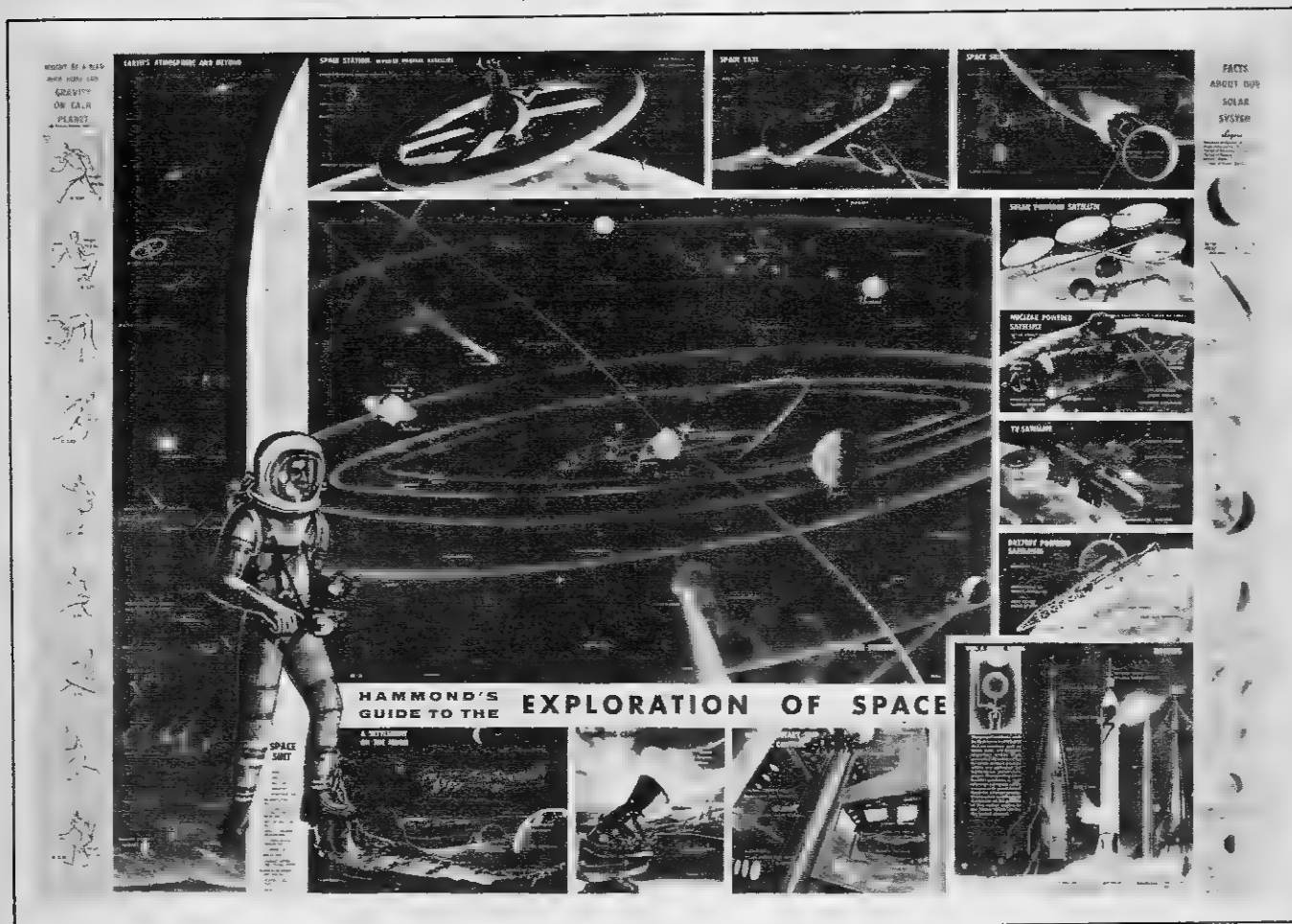
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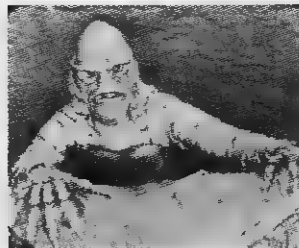
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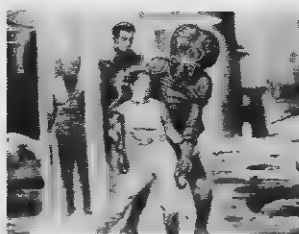
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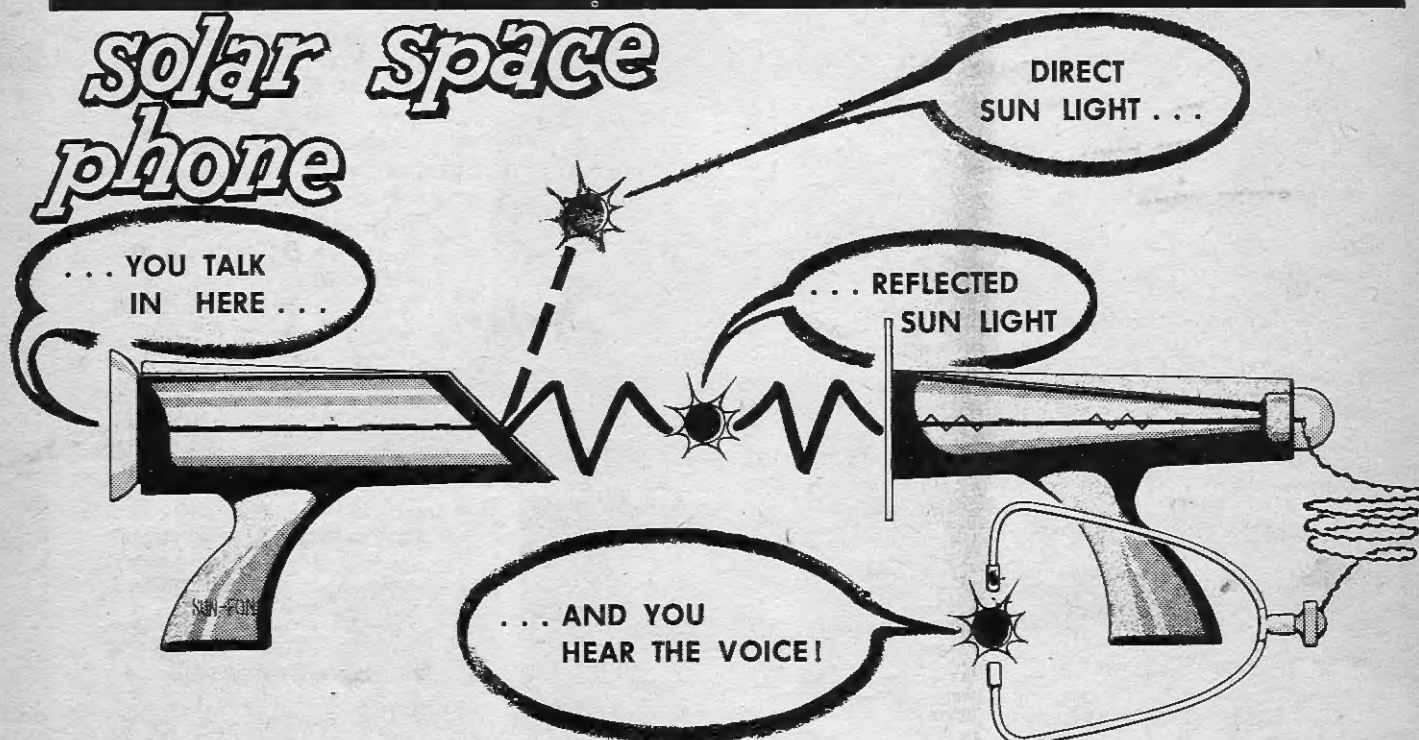
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